The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1916.

Summary of the News

The year-old controversy with Germany over submarine outrages seemed to take an appreciable step forward when on April 19 the President addressed himself to Congress on the subject. His message, which he read in person, simply recited the salient features of the long controversy, and announced the action which he had taken. The note to Germany, which was dated April 18, had already gone forward when the President addressed Congress. In fact, though not in form, it had the appearance of an ultimatum, stating that "unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether." As an appendix to the note was sent a statement rehearsing the evidence regarding the torpedoing of the Sussex, which the German Government had requested. Note and appendix were published in the papers of April 20, and were presented by Ambassador Gerard at the Foreign Office, in Berlin, at 4:30 on the same day. It was asserted at the State Department that an immediate reply was expected.

By the American press and public the President's action has been received calmly, but with almost universal approval. In the disapproving minority is to be counted Representative Mann, whose statement accusing the President of having acted in an unneutral fashion and "for political effect" has been generally regarded as dishonoring only one person. Mr. Bryan, as was to be expected, immediately rushed to Washington to save the country from war. His repudiation in the primaries of his own State is considered, however, a fair measure of the political influence or prestige that still clings around him. Mr. Roosevelt issued a statement asserting that what had been done now should have been done earlier. The note was made public in Germany on Sunday, and comment by the German press was published in Monday's papers. It runs the gamut from vituperation of President Wilson, in which is discernible a distinct undercurrent of dismay, to the extraordinarily frank and judicial statement of Maximilian Harden, to which we direct attention in our editorial columns.

The decrease in submarine activity which has been noted during the past ten days is probably attributable less to the effect of the American note than to the normal course of events, periods of great activity being succeeded, as in the former campaign, by periods of relative calm. Since we wrote last week eleven vessels have been reported sunk: six British and of Russian, French, Italian, Norwegian, and Dutch one each. The British Admiralty has issued a report on the sinking of the steamer Zent on April 5, in which forty-nine lives were lost. The vessel, it is stated, was unarmed and unwarned. Announcement was made at the State Department on April 18 that Ambassador Penfield, at Vienna, had been instructed to make inquiries of the Austrian Government regarding the sinking by an Austrian submarine of the Russian bark Imperator, on board of which were two Americans.

A sensational sequel to the indictments of German conspirators, which we recorded last week, was the arrest on April 18 of Wolf von Igel, former secretary of Capt. von Papen, in his New York office. A number of papers were seized at the time of the arrest, which are said to contain incriminating evidence regarding various conspiracies and their hatchers. Count Bernstorff lost no time in protesting against the arrest and the seizure of the papers on the ground that von Igel was an attaché of the German Embassy, and his office an adjunct of it. The plea for immunity for von Igel has, however, been found invalid, as he was not attached to the Embassy at the time the offences complained of were committed. The status of the papers has not been definitely decided as we write. The crux of the matter is said to be whether Count Bernstorff is prepared to avow official responsibility for them. A sworn statement by Horst von der Goltz, giving details of his activities in America, was made public by the British Government on April 20.

The Russians have provided all the sensations of the past week in the war. On April 19 came the news of the unexpectedly early occupation of Trebizond, which was effected by coöperation of the Black Sea fleet with the army. On Friday dispatches told of the landing of Russian troops at Marseilles to join the French army on the western front. Later dispatches indicate that these forces will take part in the defence of Verdun. The landing of a second Russian contingent at Marseilles was announced on Tuesday. Around Verdun the French counter-offensive of the past few days has been successful in regaining certain strips of territory. There has been heavy fighting on the British front in the neighborhood of Ypres, where a German attack, reported on April 20, gained 600 metres of trenches. The lost ground was, however, recovered later in the week. In Mesopotamia the British forces advancing to the relief of Kut-el-Amara have been unable to make further progress.

Dispatches from London on Tuesday announced an attempt made by a German auxiliary cruiser, disguised as a neutral merchant ship, in conjunction with a submarine, to land arms on the coast of Ireland. The cruiser was sunk and a number of prisoners taken, among them being the notorious Sir Roger Casement, who has been sent to London for trial. In connection with this attempt is doubtless to be read the news of an insurrection in Dublin which was announced by Augustine Birrell in the House of Commons on Tuesday. The situation, Mr. Birrell said, was well in hand.

An official statement by the British Admiralty on Tuesday announced the appearance off Lowestoft of the German cruiser squadron. "Local naval forces," it is stated, engaged it, and "in about twenty minutes it returned to Germany, chased by our light cruisers and destroyers." Two British light cruisers and a destroyer were hit, but none sunk. Two men, one woman, and a child were killed at Lowestoft. The material damage was apparently small. A raid on Monday night by three Zeppelins over the eastern counties of England, in which little damage seems to have been done, was also announced in an official communication on Tuesday.

It was announced in dispatches of April 22 that Baron Kolmar von der Goltz, Commander-in-Chief of the First Turkish Army, had died on the preceding Wednesday of spotted fever.

We deal in our editorial columns with Mr. Wilson's unfortunate attempts to use the New York Postmastership to conciliate Tammany. The nomination of State Senator Robert H. Wagner and his refusal of the offer were announced simultaneoutsy on April 22.

Objections were renewed last week by Japan to provisions in the pending Immigration bill which was construed as virtually enacting into law the Root-Takahira agreement for the restriction of immigration into the United States. Secretary Lansing has conferred with leaders of the Senate on the matter, and it appears probable that the clause offensive to Japan will be omitted from the bill.

The situation in Mexico remains virtually unchanged. Major-General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff, was sent to the border last week to confer with Gen. Funston on the situation. It was officially announced on Monday that the troops would not be withdrawn from Mexico, but that a redisposition of them would be made "for the purpose of recuperation and pending opportunity for further cooperation with the force of the de-facto Government of Mexico." The execution of this operation, it was stated, would be left to the discretion of Gen. Funston. Dispatches from Washington on Tuesday announced that the Carranza Government had accepted a proposal from the United States for a conference on the international border between Gen. Scott and Gen. Obregon. Seven of Villa's followers, who were captured after the raid on Columbus, have been condemned to death.

The threatened Cabinet crisis in England over the question of universal compulsion was apparently averted by an agreement reached at the meeting of the Cabinet on Friday of last week to hold a secret session of Parliament on Tuesday, at which full details as to the requirements of the army should be disclosed. Mr. Asquith's public statement on the matter was to be made yesterday.

President Yuan Shi-Kai, having put behind him imperial honors, went a step further in the direction of Constitutional Government by issuing a mandate on April 21 authorizing the Secretary of State to organize a responsible Cabinet. The full personnel of the new Cabinet, with Tuan Chi-Jui as Premier, was announced in dispatches from Peking of Monday's date.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week

The President's address to Congress last week, with the official communication which has been sent to Germany, is plainly the concluding word of our Government on the submarine controversy. It cannot be said that the Administration has been headlong. Only an accumulation of grievances—only a repeated violation of pledges made to it by the German Government—has at last strained the President's patience to the breaking point. He has at last found himself at the point where further diplomatic parleyings seem to him fruitless, and where he must have a definite and binding answer from the German Government. Unless a radical alteration is made in its submarine methods, the United States cannot possibly maintain friendly diplomatic relations with it. And in saying this, in terms direct and unmistakable, to the German Government, the President is supported by the deliberate judgment of the overwhelming majority of American citizens. The press and public have taken the situation calmly. There is no great excitement visible, and scarcely any clamor audible. The stock market has been little affected. But there is a marked consensus of feeling that the President was fairly driven to the course which he reluctantly adopted; that his description of the intolerable nature of German submarine warfare was truthful, and that he was abundantly justified in threatening to break off diplomatic relations with Germany if our demands are not granted. The issue is with the German Government.

The facts in the Sussex case, as set forth in a statement accompanying the note sent to the German Government on Tuesday of last week, dispose absolutely of any vestige of doubt which might possibly have remained on the subject. The statement is a model of compactness and clearness. It contains no superfluous word, and yet omits no point necessary to the completeness of the case. The direct evidence is even more comprehensive and conclusive than the items which had previously appeared in the newspapers had justified the public in expecting; and nothing could be more fatal to the possibility of any reply breaking the force of that evidence than the contents of the German Government's own note. Secretary Lansing does not go a hair's breadth beyond the truth when, after summarizing that evidence, he says that the conclusion reached from it "is substantiated by the statement in the Imperial Government's note of April 10, 1916." Point by point, he takes up the assertions in that statement, and makes of each one a nail to drive home the conclusion drawn from the direct evidence, and to clinch it beyond the possibility of dispute. It is pertinent now to recall this sentence in the closing portion of von Jagow's note:

> Should the American Government have at its disposal further material for a conclusion upon the case of the Sussex, the German Government would ask that it be communicated, in order to subject this material also to an investigation.

That "further material" has now been supplied with a completeness which must fulfil the German Foreign Secretary's utmost desire.

What thousands of sincere lovers of Germany in this country are thinking, Prof. Morris Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, has expressed in language of the deepest earnestness. "The true friends of Germany," he says, "those who want her to stand again before the world as she did before this war, a leader in everything that makes for progress in human affairs and for the betterment of the world," must fervently hope "that in the interests of humanity Germany may recognize the justice of our demands and meet them in the spirit in which they are made." Unusual weight attaches to Professor Jastrow's view because of the strong sympathy with Germany he had expressed in the early months of the war, a sympathy still subsisting though badly shattered by the crime of the Lusitania. His admiration for what Germany has given to the world in so many fields of intellectual and social effort is as profound as ever, but it is for that very reason that he so deeply deplores the staining of her name by the submarine barbarities, and "other things which she has done in this war, so contrary to her best traditions and so repugnant to the spirit of humanitarianism for which Germany had always stood." The best service that enlightened friends of Germany in this country—whether of German origin or not—can do for her at this moment is to speak out as Dr. Jastrow has done. For there can be no doubt that expediency and humanity point to the same conclusion — the imperative necessity of assenting to the President's just demands.

It may be that the German attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland under the auspices of Sir Roger Casement was formulated in his ardent brain at the beginning of the war. It is more likely that the plan was suggested by the recent news of unrest in Ireland, where it has come to open conflict with the police on more than one occasion, and where we now hear of riots bloodily put down in Dublin. But whenever this specific raid was first planned, the idea was one which was present in the German mind from the beginning. Ireland in insurrection, India in insurrection, the Sahara tribesmen breaking across the Egyptian frontiers—this was the state of affairs in the British Empire upon which Berlin counted to paralyze British action, just as it counted upon the Caillaux scandal to tear France in two, just as it looked upon the labor strikes in Petrograd as the beginning of a new Russian revolution. In the case of the British Empire events have gone just far enough to show that the German mind does not altogether evoke facts from its inner consciousness, but that, given a mole-hill, German logic and metaphysics can turn it into a mountain. There has been unrest in Ireland; there have been troubles in India; the Senussi tribesmen have repeatedly raided the Egyptian frontier—and the war has gone as it has. If a balance be struck between discontent in Ireland and India and the magnificent showing of the self-governing colonies—Anzac, Canada, South Africa—the German forecast of a dissolving British Empire is only another of those astonishing dreams to which a supposedly practical people is addicted.

Mr. S. S. McClure appears to have given the *coup de grâce* to Edmund von Mach's cock-and-bull story about the desperate plight of German babies. Mr. McClure's pro-German proclivities, and the pro-German character of what he had to say at the same time about the submarine question, gave to his poohpoohing of the milk story, and his assurance that German infants are in fine shape, a certain character of finality. But no such statement was, in fact, necessary in order to place von Mach's agitation where it belonged. It is a liberal estimate to place the amount of cow's milk normally used for the feeding of German infants at one-sixteenth of the total supply; and nobody has even attempted to show why Germany should have such peculiar difficulty about that particular one-sixteenth as to make the lives of her babies dependent on American succor, in the shape of millions of tins of condensed milk. The notion that hard-headed Americans would not see the absurdity of such a proposition bears a strong family re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

semblance to the like notion in regard to the fantastic statement put forward by von Jagow in relation to the blowing up of the Sussex. We like that sort of thing well enough in Gilbert and Sullivan or in Lewis Carroll, but we don't enjoy having it thrust upon us in the actual handling of grim problems of peace and war.

Mr. Asquith has weathered another Cabinet crisis, and bids fair to be the most threatened but longest-lived statesman of his time. That there was an element of danger in the new agitation about compulsory military service is shown by the fact that it wrought a division in the Government, some members of which talked of resigning. But the outcry was largely artificial, got up by intriguing newspapers and scheming politicians. The difficulty was to get the facts about the army before the country. If more men are absolutely needed, and cannot be got without compulsion, then the nation is undoubtedly ready to abandon the voluntary system, for the time being. But if all the information about troops in the field and in training were to be made public, it might be said that military secrets were being betrayed to the enemy. The solution now adopted is to have the whole truth of the case stated to Parliament in secret session. There will be guffaws at the thought of 600 men keeping a secret. But even if they want to blab it in public, they will have no means of doing so. The censorship will keep it out of the press, and the Defence of the Realm Act will prevent speakers at public meetings from blurting it out. The plan somehow seems very un-English, but it is adroit and, for the main purpose of holding the Cabinet together, 'twill serve.

The visit of the Japanese Minister to the State Department on Friday to protest against certain anti-Japanese clauses in the pending Immigration bill is an unhappy reminder that our relations with Japan are in a highly unsatisfactory condition. For a year past Mr. Wilson's Administration has taken refuge in silence, leaving the last official communication from the Japanese unanswered, Japan being considerate enough, because of the German and Mexican complications, not to press for a reply. Absorbed as the Wilson Administration has been in its other foreign complications, it cannot be acquitted of gross neglect in this Japanese one. Precious time has been lost, for the issue cannot be indefinitely evaded. The President has had plenty of time to arouse the war spirit in this country by his talks on preparedness and his demand for more battleships, but he has found no time to urge upon the Congress or the country some of the obvious measures which would greatly relieve the strain of the Japanese situation. As for the Immigration bill, about which the Japanese Ambassador complains, Mr. Wilson will stultify himself if he does not veto it, as he vetoed a similar one last year. The danger is of its being passed over his veto.

Mr. W. Morgan Shuster's enthusiastic praise for the results of Governor-General Harrison's administration in the Philippines is by no means confined to broad generalities. He does say that the islands are "to-day better governed than ever before in their history," and that "for the first time the United States has approximated successful colonial administration" in the Philippines. But what makes his general statements impressive is the specific story he tells of the working of the bold new departure made by Gov. Harrison in the government of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. These islands have 650,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly 350,000 are Moros; and when the government of them was turned over to Frank W. Carpenter as Department Governor, and the American troops were withdrawn, there was grave fear that the experiment would end in general lawlessness and massacre. Instead of this, the civil government, with the support of a native constabulary force—Filipino and Moro—has for two years not only maintained order, but has brought about a state of goodwill and friendship never before known among the races that inhabit those islands. It is a magnificent achievement for Mr. Carpenter, one that entitles him to lasting honor and gratitude.

It is of small consequence what happens to us of the older generation; but when I think of the young men my heart grows bitter—

Over-modest, Colonel! It is of much consequence what happens to you and others of your generation who have been speaking like you. It is of much consequence to these very young men over whom your heart grows bitter. For what shall the young men do, when called upon to think of right and duty, if they see the old men approach the problems of right and duty in a spirit of ferocious and distorted partisanship? What shall the young men think about the country when the old men show no hesitation to drag in the dirt the good name of the country, its army, its navy, its President, its motives, its aspirations, for the sake of political cash or out of sheer personal venom? What shall the young men think of the sense of proportion, the sense of humor, and the sense of truth, when the old men set out to work themselves up into a spiritual delirium tremens, with visions of our "unprepared" youth "slaughtered" and our women and children "murdered," because Mr. Wilson has not done in fourteen months what the Hohenzollern have accomplished in several hundred years? No, Mr. Roosevelt, what has happened to you of the older generation, seriously matters. And it would matter still more, if it were not that youth contains within itself reservoirs of goodness, and faith, and self-sacrifice that cannot be muddied by the fierce hatreds and clawing ambitions of the old men.

At last we have the famous Fiske letter which Secretary Daniels "suppressed" because he had not the courage to let the country know the truth about the navy as that truth stood revealed in the letter of the Department's Aide for Operations. Against Rear-Admiral Fiske's literary style there can be no complaint. He lays down his thesis at the beginning: Our navy is unprepared for war. His demonstration of the thesis takes up some two thousand words in the course of which just one concrete defect of the navy emerges—the shortage in personnel, which Rear-Admiral Fiske estimates at nearly 20,000 men. This shortage does not come as a thunder-clap to the country. It has been emphasized in Fletcher's reports. It has been expatiated upon by Mr. Gardner and his colleagues, with the important exception that not 20,000, but 5,000, is the number of men needed, according to Admiral Fletcher, to bring the navy up to maximum efficiency. The two other reasons why the navy is unprepared, Rear-Admiral Fiske finds, are lack of an efficient departmental organization and deficiency in fleet training, due in part to insufficient personnel, in part to administrative chaos. Is Mr. Fiske sure that our navy is inferior in skill to that of Germany or Japan? No. "But on the theory that cause produces effect, we must admit that we have not had nearly so good a system as other navies have."

Watchful waiting is about the only policy open to Republicans at this time, in view of the extraordinary confusion of the politi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal situation, although the meeting of their national convention is only six weeks off. There happens to be one matter, however, in which a more active course is to be highly recommended. The party has the misfortune of having for its leader in the House of Representatives a man who, at a most critical moment in the nation's affairs, gave out an utterance about the President which was not only insulting and absurdly false, but was, apart from that circumstance, in the highest degree offensive to the vast majority of Americans, irrespective of party. Republicans of influence, in and out of Congress, can do no better service to their party at this time than to make it as clear as possible that Mr. Mann grossly misrepresents the party for which his position makes him the leading spokesman on the floor of the House. It has been pointed out that if the Republicans should get a majority in the next House of Representatives, customary precedent would make Mr. Mann Speaker, assuming that he is not defeated in his own district. Dissatisfaction with his leadership has long been felt by many of the Republicans in Congress, and this latest exhibition of his quality ought to result in a crystallization of opposition to its continuance.

Illinois Republicans showed their willingness to let bygones be bygones by making Medill McCormick temporary chairman of their State Convention last week. The permanent chairman was Congressman McKinley, but Mr. McCormick saw nothing in that to stir up anybody. "This is no time for factions," he declared, and, leaving social justice to shift for itself, held up the new idol of Preparedness. Yet, despite the temporary chairman, it was an exceptional time for factions. Mayor Thompson, discredited in his own city both as executive and politician, was able to effect a combination which is looked upon as insuring his election as National Committeeman, while ex-Gov. Deneen, who came into national prominence after wresting the control of the party in Chicago from Lorimer, is apparently to be retired by the same combination. These developments, which would have been so shocking to the Progressives of 1912, and progressively less so through 1913, 1914, and 1915, are not expected to shake the remnant in their renewed allegiance in 1916. They have come back with their eyes open—and fixed upon Washington.

The dismissal of the indictment of Thomas M. Osborne for alleged personal immorality at Sing Sing brings to a fitting end the monstrous attempt to discredit this invaluable citizen by a misuse of the machinery of justice. Without even letting the case go to a jury, two judges have dismissed the main indictments as improperly obtained. In the perjury case it was shown that a discredited official, who had no power to administer an oath, was the chief complainant; in the immorality case it was shown that there was not sufficiently specific information furnished to warrant the indictment and to give Mr. Osborne the due opportunity to defend himself. There now remain the least significant items in the charges so elaborately brought together by the brazen bi-partisan machine of Westchester County, some of whose remunerative practices Mr. Osborne interfered with.

Lord Hardinge closed his Viceroyalty of India with an act of unusual importance. On behalf of the Government, he accepted in Council a measure calling for the abolition of indentured labor—a form of labor which, while technically free, often actually comes near being involuntary servitude, and always carries social evils in its train. Coolies were for a long period indentured to work not only in India, but in the West Indies, Trinidad, Guiana, and South Africa. The conditions under which they lived often meant abject misery. For over a quarter of a century the system has been regulated by the Indian Government, which came to refuse to permit the transportation of natives to some regions of bad reputation. Natal and the French colonies had thus been barred. But there was still an emigration of 10,000 laborers yearly under the system, and this will now, after a period of adjustment, be cut off. The whole is in line with efforts made by Englishmen to end the same system in all the European colonies in Africa.

The challenge flung forth by Venizelos to his King would have been formidable enough without the former Premier's insistence on the fact that he was thinking in no sense "of the possibility of a republic." No public man would venture to speak as Venizelos did if he did not feel that he had the mass of the nation behind him. Important as his statement must be as regards the internal conditions in Greece, it has no less meaning as an index to the general military situation. The policy of the Balkan nations has been guided by prudential considerations. When Bulgaria joined with the Central Powers, it meant that to Czar Ferdinand the Central Powers were the predestined victors. Were this the state of mind in Greece to-day it is impossible to think that Venizelos would antagonize King and Cabinet for the sake of enlisting his country on the losing side. The standstill around Salonica and the progress of the Russians in Asia Minor tend to bring home to the Greek nation the thought of what the gain might have been if Greece had not broken her pledge to Servia. The Bulgarian conquest of Macedonia might have been averted, and for Greece there would have opened up a field for national expansion in the islands of the Ægean and on the coasts of Asia Minor to complete the scheme of a Greater Greece, of which Venizelos laid the foundations.

Because he preferred the glitter of the imperial title to the reality of power as mere President of the Chinese Republic, Yuan Shi-Kai is to-day neither Emperor nor all-powerful President, but constitutional head of a republic with the chief power vested in a Cabinet responsible to Parliament. It is not easy to scoff at this new arrangement as mere appearance. The change has come as the result of a revolutionary upheaval which plainly need continue only a short time to shake Yuan altogether out of power. The monarchist campaign by which the eighteen provinces "unanimously" implored Yuan to assume the Imperial title has been shown to be only an intrigue. The one thing that cannot be explained away is that China is committed to a progressive régime. Affairs in China show once more how frail a thing is expert opinion, how frequently the observer on the spot is blind to elemental phenomena. From people who have been long resident in China and who are not unfriendly to its people we have had the repeated prediction that constitutionalism in China is an exotic plant, that it is doomed to failure, and that what the country needs is the strong hand of a Yuan. Always it is the strong hand that we of the democratic West are bent on setting up as the only kind of fate to which the lower breeds are born. But the Chinese themselves, by rising against the Manchus, by rising repeatedly for the realities of a Constitutional Government, have revealed the obstinate habit of the lower breeds not to acquiesce in the natural and permanent condition assigned them by the dispassionate observer from the West.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOICES OF REASON IN GERMANY.

Reports from Berlin of newspaper comments, and of individual expressions, on the controversy with the United States are of all shades of opinion. We must wait a few days to see which of them will be represented in the reply of the German Government, but we need not wait at all to point out the significance of the position taken by Maximilian Harden, as given in dispatches on Monday. Under the guise of an imaginary message to the German people by the President of the United States—beneath the caption, "If I Were Wilson"—he reads a sharp lesson to his countrymen.

Now, Harden is much more than the irrepressible blurter out of disagreeable truths. His place in the German press is due to something other than his terrible frankness, his biting criticisms, his occasional appearance of a sensationalist and a notoriety-seeker. Above all this stands the fact that he has the knack of hitting off the thoughts and feelings of a great many Germans. They may resent what they think his imprudences, but they respond to the ardor and the force of his attacks upon public evils. They did so in the case of his writing, years ago, against the military clique—some of them materialist and decadent—which had the ear of the Kaiser. They felt that he was getting on the raw when he exposed, long before the war, the ineptness of German diplomacy, and pointed out how the policy of the Government was leading straight to a war on disadvantageous terms for Germany. So that when, to-day, Maximilian Harden devotes an entire issue of his *Zukunft* to some very plain speaking about the differences which have arisen between the German Government and the United States, we may be certain that his words will have a wide echo in Germany.

What Harden sets out to do is, in the first place, to show the utter hollowness of many of the complaints which Germans have made of the conduct of the United States during the war. Upon all the whining about our sale of munitions to the Allies he sets a heel of contempt. The thing was perfectly lawful; Germany had often done it, and would do it again; and it was not the fault of the United States that the Germans could not buy war supplies in this country as freely as their enemies. Harden, moreover, has some very telling things to say about the foolish and even criminal activities of German agents in the United States, seeking to interfere with the manufacture and delivery of ammunition. He shows what an immense disservice to the German cause this has been, and makes the apt comparison: "I only ask would Germany have allowed, during the Manchurian War, Japanese agents to work in Prussian Poland, and by agitations and endangering munition factories frighten Germany into enmity against Russia?" A more severe rebuke to the attitude and activities of Germans in this country, with their plots and conspiracies in open violation of our laws, could not well be written.

We have as yet only fragments of Harden's long appeal to the good sense of German people, and do not know if he had anything to say about what other German editors are continually making the burden of their complaints—namely, that England is adopting a policy of "starvation" against Germany, yet that the United States has made no protest against it. What Harden could do with this absurdity if he let himself go against it, can easily be imagined. He could show that when the German whimperers say starvation they really mean a blockade; that the latter is a recognized and lawful means of war; and that the United States, having enforced the greatest and longest blockade known to history, and thereby starved into submission the South —which, by the way, never squealed over it in the German fashion—could not without stultifying itself object to Great Britain's using the same method of warfare. In so far as our Government believed the British blockade to be irregular, and to infringe upon the rights of neutral commerce, it has protested, and is still awaiting the answer to its protests. But it could do nothing so fantastic as to cry out against the practice of cutting off Germany's supplies by blockade. Indeed, Harden could tell his fellow-countrymen that nothing has befallen them which was not explicitly predicted by their most sagacious advisers, in case Germany got into a war with England. Prince Bülow, for example, in his book published shortly before the war, pointed out how surely the English navy would sweep German commerce from the seas, and leave industrial and importing Germany in great peril.

Harden is perhaps at his boldest when he declares that for Germany now to give way to the United States would not be a proof of "weakness." It would be rather a sign of wise looking before and after, considering what would be the effect of making all the Americas enemies of Germany—"and not only for the war time." Harden's whole stalwart plea for an amicable adjustment of the submarine difficulty shows that all the voices of reason are not silent in Germany. That they will prevail in the end we can at least hope.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE GERMAN-AMERICANS.

Never, not even in the darkest days of the Civil War, have our German-American citizens had such an opportunity to serve their country and the land of their birth as to-day. The crisis in the relations between this country and Germany naturally weighs more heavily upon them than upon any other class of citizens, for their plight, if war should come, would be distressing in the extreme —so distressing that the most bitter anti-German could not withhold his sympathy. To face the contingency of having possibly to fire on one's relatives would be terrible indeed. Almost as trying would be the mental state of the millions whose feelings would be deeply lacerated by the bitterness and the hatreds inevitably arising on the outbreak of war—a thousand times more bitter than the present attitude of suspicion and dislike. The German-Americans would be loyal, of course, but the mere possibility of so great a calamity ought to set them to working by day and by night, by every honorable means, to prevent the catastrophe.

They are quite within their rights in deluging Congress with telegrams protesting against a conflict which they justly consider would be a fearful blow to civilization. But that is the least important thing for them to do at this moment. It is not to Washington, but to Berlin that they should address themselves. There should be ringing appeals to the German Government not to persist in a policy which will be ruinous to it if continued—ruinous to its hopes of victory over the Allies, ruinous to its hopes of finding in America the markets and the funds it will need for its rehabilitation when the war is over—ruinous to the happiness, the contentment, and the advancement of its citizens and its former citizens now residing on American soil. Let the German-Americans now come together in mass-meeting and inform the German Government how matters really stand here. Let them brush aside the fictions that Wilson is privately in the service of the Allies, that the British Ambassador attends all our Cabinet meetings, that the country is really divided as to the justice and wisdom of Wilson's contentions, and all the rest of the absurd stuff which fills the columns of the *Fatherland* and other German-American publica-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, and let Berlin hear the truth as it is from its own friends here.

Take Germany's Sussex note. We have not met a German-American or heard of one who would defend its nonsense; who did not privately feel that the Wilhelmstrasse ought to blush for it. Why not tell the truth about it? Why not admit once and for all that Berlin has not lived up to its repeated pledges as to the conduct of its submarines? Every sane American knows it; did not some of the highest German officials here consider the day won after the settlements last summer of the Arabic and Lusitania cases? Were they not telling their friends that the danger was over, as there would be no further attacks by submarines without warning? Why not say frankly that, even if, as they assert, Mr. Wilson has been one-sided in not assailing the British for their violations of law, yet he tells the truth when he says that the United States is contending for the rights of humanity, for the law of nations, and that it is doing so in the interest of Germany quite as much as of anybody else? Why not tell the German Government that the evidence now daily piling up of the nefarious if not criminal activities of its own attachés, its consuls, its semi-official agents, makes it clear that grievous wrong has been done to this country by deliberate efforts to wage war upon its enemies from American soil—efforts that cannot be whistled away, as the *Staats-Zeitung* and the *Fatherland* would have it, by describing them as the efforts of a few crack-brained enthusiasts?

We have heard much in the years past about the German-Americans being the tie that bound the two countries together. Now let them prove it. Never again will such an opportunity come to them, for it is not merely the opportunity to keep the peace between the two nations, but perhaps to bring peace in Europe. For whatever the feelings of antagonism abroad, there is still no question that the President of the United States remains preëminently the man to initiate the peace negotiations at the proper time—which may be nearer at hand than most people realize. It is a remarkable opportunity for the German-Americans to redeem the terrible blunders made in their name by the Ridders, Viereck, von Skal, and many another, and to develop for once a bit of constructive statesmanship. Let them, as we urged last week, denounce the bomb plots and all the other conspiracies now seeing the light of day, by whomsoever committed; and then let them turn to the other side. An impassioned appeal to Berlin might give the very excuse the German Chancellor is waiting for to climb down gracefully. The German-Americans know, too, that the abandonment of the submarine war is not going to result in Germany's being starved out—at least their press has been repeatedly saying that Germany is invincible. They know that only 6 per cent. of the British merchant fleet has been sunk; they know that with America's vast resources freely placed on the side of the Allies, victory for the Kaiser would be more impossible than ever.

Why should they hesitate to speak out, to act, and to act at once? They avow their loyalty and patriotism. Why not put that patriotism to the highest possible service?

THE PRESIDENT'S SOP TO TAMMANY.

Nothing could prove more clearly the fact that we are in a Presidential year than Mr. Wilson's nomination of a full-fledged Tammany man for the Postmastership. The political courage of the man who made his great reputation as an anti-machine Governor of New Jersey, who would not sit down to a certain dinner after his election until assured that no Tammany men would be within fifty feet of him, who bravely started out to build up a reformed Democratic organization in this city, has now oozed out in the face of the alleged necessity of being "practical" on the eve of another Presidential election. Once more the old doctrine that it is worth while to compromise for the sake of the party's welfare and success has triumphed. But the fact that Mr. Wilson is now ready to surrender to the politicians he was so recently denouncing will come as a great shock to many who deemed him above anything so calculating or so deliberately contrary to the avowed opinions that led thousands of independents to vote for him.

We shall doubtless be told to be grateful to the President for sparing the metropolis the shame of having Joseph Johnson as Postmaster. Certainly, the fact that his nomination actually reached the President's desk and long reposed there was a preparation for the news of the surrender to Tammany that has now come. But no advance intimation that the President was about to take such a step could prepare his independent supporters in New York for the event. For it is undeniable treachery to the cause of good government in this city; it is as if the President had tired of playing the reformer, and was now ready to strike hands with the men against whom the decent citizenship of New York has been banded these many years. Nor is the offence obscured by the fact that he has chosen one of the ablest and cleanest men in Tammany, Senator Wagner, who is personally beyond suspicion and has been commended by the Citizens Union for some of his services at Albany. Nor is it explained by the fact that Mr. Wilson has heretofore appointed Tammany men to office. The Postmastership is unique in its significance and importance; it has always been a political index. Hence, this move of the President will echo throughout the land precisely as did Mr. Burleson's abortive attempt to land Johnson in this office.

But it is not only that Mr. Wilson has flouted the forces of reform, and notably Mayor Mitchel, by this appointment. He has done violence to his life-long professions of sympathy with civil-service reform. What the situation called for was the reappointment of Postmaster Morgan. The National Civil Service Reform Association has vigorously urged this principle of non-partisan reappointments of postmasters upon its former vice-president, but in vain—Mr. Wilson has not lifted a finger for civil-service reform, save in the consular service. But let us assume for the sake of argument that Senator O'Gorman would have defeated Mr. Morgan's confirmation, and that there was no obligation resting upon the President to combat so outrageous an interference with his prerogatives. In that event why could he not have turned to the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Association, or urged representative citizens to pick out for him the best and most available business man of Democratic faith—not a professional politician or Tammany office-grabber, but a successful man of long business training and experience, with the requisite talent to administer well and to improve the service? In such a procedure there would at least be some recognition of the importance of this office. Instead, we have merely a use of the place for partisan political purposes, without regard to the convenience of the vast interests it serves. Mr. Cleveland thought differently about it, for he reappointed a Republican postmaster; but Mr. Wilson is not equal to that.

The folly of it all is that even from the partisan point of view it will produce no results capable of being weighed in the balance with the injury it has done him with the thousands of independent Democrats

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without whose support Mr. Wilson cannot carry this State. Already this sop to Tammany has been made ridiculous because of Senator Wagner's refusal to obey Mr. Wilson's call to do his party "a great service." Even had he jumped at it, this bone flung to the Tammany Tiger would not have made it love Mr. Wilson. It knows what he thinks of it in his heart of hearts; it also knows that this is a Presidential year, and that his situation is a very precarious one for obvious reasons. Not a dozen postmasterships would keep Tammany from knifing Mr. Wilson next autumn if it decided to. It has sold out before—sold out "highbrows" who have assailed it no more sharply than has Mr. Wilson in the past. The pity of it all is that the President has lowered himself, and taken an action for which he can no more give a valid reason than he has been able to advance for his flop on "preparedness," for his coming out for the largest navy in the world, and for other indiscretions of speech. He will learn like other compromisers that the hurt he has done to his own reputation now and in the distant future will far outweigh any mere passing gain in the favor of the Tammany he once despised and avoided.

THE UPHEAVAL AT BRYN MAWR.

The storm that has broken over the head of President Thomas of Bryn Mawr is evidently not a mere sudden gust, brought about by some single act or some individual quarrel or grievance. The joint action of thirteen full professors at Bryn Mawr in asking for a change in the system of government of the College would of itself be sufficient evidence that the discontent now openly manifested has been long and severely felt; and the letters published by the Philadelphia *Ledger* from eminent professors at other universities — including Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Chicago—who had formerly been members of the Bryn Mawr faculty are of such a character as to leave no doubt of the serious and long-standing character of the complaint. It is evident that the one-man power which, in varying degrees, has been so conspicuous a feature of college and university management in our country, has manifested itself in an exceptionally extreme form at Bryn Mawr, and has at last brought about a determined revolt in both of the two bodies having the deepest interest in the conduct of the College—the faculty and the alumnæ.

We cannot but regard it as most fortunate, for Miss Thomas personally as well as for the College, that this issue has come up now, and not, say, a year or two ago. For there has taken place, within the past twelvemonth, a development both of opinion and of action in the matter of university government which cannot fail to have a most helpful bearing upon the settlement of the issues at Bryn Mawr. That development is embodied above all in two things—the admirable report of the American Association of University Professors on the subject of academic freedom and academic tenure, and the no less admirable action taken by the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania in fundamentally recasting the rules of that institution relating to appointment, promotion, and dismissal of professors and instructors. This action antedated the report of the Association. It was a sequel to the agitation stirred up by the case of Scott Nearing; and it was not only one of the most creditable, but one of the most important, steps ever taken by the governing body of an American university. It put an end, for Pennsylvania, to the arbitrariness, the uncertainty, the secrecy, the injustice, which have to so considerable an extent marred the old régime in many American colleges and universities. It gave to the faculty as a body a proper share in the management of the University, and to its individual members such a standing as satisfies the demands not only of reasonable security, but of dignity and self-respect.

The way is therefore clearly pointed out for a solution of Bryn Mawr's troubles. All that is necessary is a sincere spirit of helpfulness, of devotion to the future welfare of the College, on both sides. President Thomas, in a letter to the *Ledger*, states that at the January meeting of the board of directors (a body slightly different from the board of trustees) the report of the American Association of University Professors was referred to the executive committee for study; she also mentions with commendation the plan now in operation at the University of Pennsylvania. This plan substantially fulfils the recommendations of the Association's report; and there is nothing to hinder Bryn Mawr from taking it over bodily, with such modifications of detail—but not of principle—as the differences between the two institutions make necessary or desirable. In that way, Bryn Mawr would turn an episode of trial and tribulation into a means of safety and progress, as Pennsylvania did. Along that path—and, we are convinced, along no other—lies the way out, both for the College and for its president.

Upon the personal aspect of the matter we have said but little; what we are chiefly concerned with, both for the sake of Bryn Mawr and in the interest of a movement which we consider of the highest moment for American colleges and universities generally, is the establishment at this important institution of the principles which ought to govern its conduct. But it was impossible altogether to pass over the charges concerning the actual administration of President Thomas which have played so conspicuous a part in the news concerning the upheaval at Bryn Mawr. That there is much ground for these accusations we are constrained to believe. But while these things must be justly weighed in the balance, and while it is essential that a new system shall be introduced which shall free the College from any recurrence of them at the hands either of the present president or of any successor, it would be not only ungracious but unjust to fail to make mention of Miss Thomas's extraordinary achievement in the building up of the institution over whose development she has presided. To her resolute insistence on the maintenance of high standards, to her inexhaustible energy and her personal force, must be ascribed the placing of Bryn Mawr—though possessing but a most inadequate endowment—in that high and unique position which it occupies among women's colleges; a service that must always be remembered with gratitude not only by the alumnæ of the College, but by all who have been interested, during the past three formative decades, in the advancement of the cause of the higher education of women.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MODERNS.

It all happened about the time that Mr. Chesterton, though himself a supporter of orthodoxy, perpetrated his epigram, "The man who eats caviar on impulse is simpler than the man who eats grapenuts on principle." *Principle* even then had become a priggish virtue hailing from Mid-Victoria—that land, of course, where the individual squared his ethics as best he could with the teachings of Christ and consigned society to the Devil. Priggishness, a conscious instinct of living, like the portrait of an Academician, within a gilded frame, had at all costs to be destroyed. The process of destruction was two-fold. First, it was seen that the individual's life, like the portrait, being narrow and conventional, left small room for the free play of natural impulses. And

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so we thrilled to the broadened world opened up by such a work as Mr. Shaw's "Man and Superman," while we blushed that we had so long remained in darkness. What might not be accomplished if Smith did not have forever to cherish a "decent" regard for the opinion of his neighbors!

Secondly—and here America has done heroic service—society, not the individual, was to blame for the sins of the world. Now we would be the last to imply that much of the sympathy thus bestowed on the down-trodden was not merited. If by the evolution of Capital workmen had to live with their families in squalor, something, to be sure, ought to be done about it. If working girls had actually to eke out their wages by dishonorable practices in order to live at all, their guilt was certainly lessened. Why hold them to any standard of principle? Unfortunately, the sympathy felt for those in distressing circumstances began shortly to be demanded by others. If the working girl began to believe that life owed her a respectable living, so the capitalist fell to condoning his own corrupt practices because he was, after all, the product of his environment, a cog in a huge evolution. Even the reformer, who at great self-sacrifice occupied himself with alleviating the conditions of the poor, was often not over-particular about his own intellectual integrity. If by distorting facts and figures he could advance the commendable cause for which he was working, he was not disturbed. So far have we progressed from the status of the prig of Mid-Victoria, who, whatever his shortcomings, could at least see the necessity for a sense of principle, of personal ethics, in the individual.

What our modern dramatists have done with this change of situation is now an old story. So heinous in their eyes are the sins of society *en masse* that environment counts for nine-tenths of the battle between good and evil. While the conduct of Ellen Deal in "Common Clay"—one of the big successes of the season—is not held up by the author as admirable, that she has been particularly weak in yielding herself first to one and at length to another gilded youth is not conceded. Nor in the play is there any representation of a struggle on her part. Situations, merely, are furnished to depict the overwhelming temptation of a girl in her position. The inference is that it is not for her to resist, but for society to do something about it. In this habit of making society the main villain and of turning characters into puppets, recent drama, and especially American drama, has reached a point where there is a crying need for another Æschylus. We have put a modern equivalent of Fate into the foreground without appreciating that even with the Greeks Fate was not everything; that Fate was usually beneficent unless grievously provoked by a display of ὕβρις in the individual. Our modern drama, following its present lines, will lose all meaning, if some one does not come forward to provide a rational conception of Nemesis—that is, to indicate that, even though environment, conditions, may be overpowering, there still remains the individual's duty to battle against evil. To refuse to battle, in the face of trying circumstances, is our substitute for ὕβρις.

In point of fact, some one has come forward to show the way. In our celebration of Shakespeare week no point could be more profitably stressed than this great master's solution of the problem which has here been sketched. For Shakespeare, though allowing regal space for environment, never in so doing relieved the individual of his personal responsibility. The sympathy he obviously felt for poor Shylock, whose life at the hands of Christians would have furnished our moderns with excuse in plenty for making him merely the victim of circumstances, did not avail with Shakespeare to wipe out his faults entirely. The trial scene, though doing much to reveal the inherent humanity of a Jew of those days, also sets forth Shylock's refusal to be merciful, together with the punishment which such arrogance (ὕβρις) is likely to receive. Shakespeare also had something to say about the crushing force of environment in "King Lear." After the irascible old monarch has abdicated and plots of all sorts at once begin to hatch, some excuse appears for Lear's high-handed policy as a ruler. Such villanies could be held in check only by an autocrat. Yet, though that inference helps to explain Lear's character, it is not permitted to justify it. Lear's overthrow resolves itself into a struggle by him to acquire patience—the opposite of which had brought about his ruin—and incidentally he learns, through the buffeting of the elements, to feel sympathy for the poor. The point seems obvious, once it is phrased: Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III have not only their outer conflicts—material to which most of the serious plays of the present day on the American stage are confined—but their wrestlings with conscience, as the struggle between good and evil impulses surges within them.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES—THE LIGHT UPON EARTH.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, April 8.

At every turn Americans abroad ask each other, What does the world think of us? And at every turn the answer is different. The truth, doubtless, is that the world is thinking something more urgent just now, and whatever passing thought it gives us varies with the occasion. The French have many and sore things to think of at home, and they will make up their mind about us later.

This cannot hinder us trying to answer the question as often as it comes up, which is daily. I have had the opportunity of making one observation, at least. France—that is, the average Frenchman—has taken to remembering that the United States of North America first made a revolution which gave them existence; that Lafayette and Frenchmen of the old absolute monarchy helped the American colonists to make their revolution; that this example did much, perhaps more than anything else, to set aflame the French Revolution; and this again, after flaring back to the remaining Americas, has been the consuming fire making way for liberty in Europe ever since. Is the light failing where it was kindled?

Ours should be a proud answer, unless we have begun distrusting popular liberties. "Today we are more of a republic than you are," said my neighbor, an English correspondent, at our press lunch. "You mean democracy," was the only answer that occurred to me, to which he replied: "Perhaps." I ask myself if governmental status with us has really come to the point where it balances on a verbal subtlety. We were taught at school to declaim the speech of some early American who predicted that, with the ages, the proudest boast of man should be, "I am an American citizen." Many years ago Charles A. Dana said to me in Paris: "To my mind, the first condition for an American journalist is his belief that the United States is the greatest nation on earth." Are we losing the faith? St. Paul had such faith, for he appealed to the Roman Majesty when he was put on trial. We Americans are not precisely on trial, and Europe has all her eyes elsewhere—except for chance, regretful glances. No French criticism has been made of our Government's policy—at least none definite enough to put us on the defensive. We have been a good sort of neutral in this essentially unneutral war; and the French are not likely to forget it. But in a time that so tries men's souls, an examination of conscience may be needed.

Emile Hovelaque here in Paris has been helping us to make it. He is back from an American visit, chiefly to the Middle West, and he roused American business men in Paris to uncommercial enthusiasm by his eloquence in their own language at their weekly lunch. He has published his thought at length in the *Revue de Paris*, and this must have been conveyed to the American press some time ago. For the present, there is in utterances of the kind a certain sad refrain heard in undertone that impresses those of us who have the political leisure of exile for patriotism.

The wonder is whether we Americans are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keeping those primitive overmastering sympathies with free government which made us a nation. Lafayette, to the end of his life, thought us the world's prodigy, and Tocqueville saw the world's future in the European peoples following after us. Political liberty was supposed to be our controlling ideal, and the shadow of absolute government or class government our enduring nightmare. When United Italy was forming, no American audience was found to respect Austria. No doubt, the sympathy with Belgium is deeper to-day—but is it not feeling roused by tragic circumstances rather than antipathy to aggression by absolute militarism?

> He that will work the wickedness,
> Let him not house, let him not hold with me.

That was the sentiment of Sophocles, poet of the Free State.

An historian who had all the learning of the Germans to offset his lifelong studies of political freedom, Lord Acton, has a precious chapter on the "Influence of America" in Republican France. Even in the Revolution of 1848, men of liberty still turned their eyes to the United States. They have somewhat lost the habit now.

"That was the transatlantic discovery in the theory of political duty, the light that came over the ocean. It represented liberty not as a comparative release from tyranny, but as a thing so divine that the existence of society must be staked to prevent even the least constructive infraction of its sovereign right. Who are a free people? Not those over whom government is reasonably and equitably exercised; but those who live under a government so constitutionally checked and controlled that proper provision is made against its being otherwise exercised."

Daniel Webster, who had seen Lafayette and personally known some of the founders of America, is yet stronger in his expression of their feeling. "It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactment, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power." And of such Acton rightly says, "The object of these men was liberty, not independence."

It may seem very much like a schoolboy to go back to such speeches now. Yet the sum of whatever criticism the French may have made concerning the American mental attitude towards this war is that our people do not see how intimately it concerns them and Liberty. It is thought they are not yet alive to the solemn fact that it is their war also.

Perhaps Americans who live here in France and listen to the spontaneous voices of wonderment become over-sensitive. No one imagines for one moment, the French least of all, that war is waging against the right of Germans to have the Government which they like. But the war begun by Germans is recognized as a result of that system of government, absolute, of a class, of the few over the many, which it was supposed Americans would never tolerate. This goes much further back than the violation of the principle of nationalities, which means that each people shall have the government it likes.

One of the lighter events in this French struggle to understand the American position is an effort lately made to translate the word "efficiency." *Efficacité* is not the same at all; and the word with which Americans have been conjuring is not easily rendered in a logical language—for anything that has an effect is so far forth efficient without attaching any further legend to it. Its dangerous confusedness is one sample of German propaganda against Liberty—before the war was.

In any event, the appeals of Europeans suffering from the aggression of a people organized for such efficiency should meet with some responsive feeling from Americans, to whom each appeal is made in the name of Liberty—their country's light to the nations.

> The fruitful immortal anointed adored
> Dear city of men without master or lord,
> Fair fortress and fostress of sons born free,
> Who stand in her sight and in thine, O sun,
> Slaves of no man, subjects of none—
> A wonder enthroned on the hills and sea,
> A light upon earth as the sun's own flame,
> A name as his name.

That is what America should be—"a praise without end."

A MONTH WITH AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, April 9.

For the last month or so the Local Recruiting Tribunals throughout England have been busy hearing the appeals of those men of military age who say that they have good reasons for exemption or postponement of military service. These Tribunals mostly consist of the local Mayor or other chief municipal authority, aided by a small body of substantial citizens, more or less representative of the several classes from whom the recruits are drawn. The decisions of the Local Tribunals may be overruled by the Appeal Tribunals, representing a larger area (usually the county); and these, in turn, may allow an appeal to be made to the Central Tribunal, the final court for the whole country. The War Office is represented at the sessions of the Tribunals by the recruiting officer and other military assessors.

In order to assist the military representatives to watch the interests of the service, the Local Parliamentary Recruiting Committees have been invited to form Advisory Committees in each Parliamentary area. These Committees, like the Tribunal, consist of representative citizens, acting voluntarily. The chairman is apt to be a barrister, but the interests of trade and labor are invariably represented. The military representatives of the Tribunal also attend the meetings of the Advisory Committees. These Committees, where formed, have perhaps played a more important function than was expected or contemplated. Though they have no power to compel attendance, it has been found in practice that most of the applicants are very glad to come before them. The Committees thus have the first hearing of the appeals, and generally go into them more thoroughly than the Tribunals themselves. If the military assessors of the Committee agree with the verdict of the civilian members, they are able afterwards to emphasize this agreement when the case comes before the Local Tribunal; and in many instances the Tribunal is thus enabled to settle the case with a minimum of deliberation or delay. The Advisory Committees have the right to appeal, acting through the military representatives, against an overriding decision of the Local Tribunal. It is as a member of one of these Advisory Committees that I now write, this experience coming as a natural supplement to my duties as one of the local directors of the Derby recruiting campaign.

The experience is in many respects an extraordinary one, involving, as it does, a searching inquisition into the most secret nooks and crannies of the lives of hundreds of one's fellow-citizens, who are neither criminals nor bankrupts, but differ from the inquisitor solely in the number of years in their earthly pilgrimage. Nothing is more astonishing (though, after all, it is merely common-sense) than the frankness of the examinee, often extending to the most voluble confession of the minutest details, relevant and irrelevant. It would seem as if the reserved Englishman, plugging along, taciturnly and doggedly, under his own particular burdens, really welcomed this semi-compulsory opportunity of making a clean breast of everything. Confessions as to business carried on on the narrowest possible margin of safety jostle with intimate details of the "separate establishments" that give some solace to the hard-working celibate supporters of aged parents or invalid sisters. One of the strongest impressions produced upon the Committee is that of the existence of an enormous underground, inarticulate, and unselfconscious mass of self-sacrifice and devotion on the part of the poorer classes of the English people. Scores of sons seem to take it as a mere matter of course that they should (up even to the age of thirty-five or forty) forego the delights of a home of their own in order to support their aged parents or other dependent kin, giving up five-sixths of their modest earnings for this purpose. Peace, indeed, has its heroes no less than war; and one member, at least, of a Local Advisory Committee has been made to feel that he must have often mingled unaware with men of heroic mould among his less well-endowed fellow-citizens.

This is not the place either to attack or defend the policy and methods which have led up to the somewhat confused, complicated, and uncertain situation we now find ourselves in in regard to such questions as the respective rights of attested and unattested men, the validity of previous rejections on grounds of physical disability, the rightness or wrongness of the lists of "starred" occupations, the position of only sons of widows, the rights of the conscientious objector, and the like. Two remarks only I should like to make in this connection. First, the detached observer should remember the extraordinary magnitude and strangeness of the task we had to face in this matter, the violence of the break with tradition that would have been involved in a completer and more logical application of compulsory service, and the extreme difficulty (in England's special position of purse-bearer of the Allies) of deciding when a man is more important at his trade than in the trenches. Secondly, it would be a great mistake to consider the present attitude of so many of the attested married men as one showing either lack of patriotism or desire to shirk. These men are practically all quite ready to serve their country in the field, but they entertain a feeling, which, whether right or wrong, is eminently natural, that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is some element of injustice in the *attested* married man being hurried into training while the *unattested* married men are let alone, to say nothing of their belief that multitudes of eligible single men have still to be accounted for. "Why," says the attested man of forty, with six children, "should I leave home, while my neighbor of twenty-five, with no children, is left unsummoned? I attested to help to make a good patriotic show of the country's available strength, but I did not bargain for being called on before men fifteen or twenty years my junior." It is the Briton's birthright to rebel at injustice, and even when the injustice has been wholly unintentional and incidental, the feeling has to be reckoned with. But whatever may be the superficial appearance to a neutral observer, the agitation now going on in England is really in favor of a stricter application of the principle of compulsory military service all round. The attested married men are on the whole quite ready to fight for their country, but they demand that all other eligible men be likewise called upon, and that all the available single men and all the younger married men should precede the married men of riper years and larger contractual responsibilities. Apart from this temporary trouble, I do not estimate the number of eligible men who wish to evade their military duty as more than 5 per cent. of the whole. And I question very much whether any other country would make a better showing than this.

The Local Tribunal for which our Advisory Committee works has been so often cited as an example to others, that I am forced to believe that it is at least well up to the average. Within the limit of its powers, it seems to me to handle the cases with, on the whole, a very judicious blend of consideration for individual hardship and recognition of the supreme need of the country. The men examined seem to realize that they are being treated decently, and their favorite form of affirmation ("That's right") is given with great heartiness. Many, on leaving, thank the Committee for its consideration. It has, I think, least consideration for a certain type of "conscientious objector." For many of these men we have little but respect. There was, *e. g.*, the well-to-do young Quaker, with a truly beatific smile, who expressed his readiness to serve in the Friends' Ambulance Corps at the front and brought us evidence that since the war began he had spent £500 and all his time in ambulance work. Then, too, there was the employer of labor, who, a conscientious objector himself, was yet paying the salaries of several former employees at the front, on the score that he could not coerce their consciences, however different from his, and that he could not possibly allow his private religious views to benefit him pecuniarily. At the opposite end of the scale we have such bigots as the man who alleged he would not defend his mother from the Germans, knowing that so good a Christian as she was safe in the hands of God. When asked whether the Belgians were not also good Christians, he replied: "Certainly not; they are just Roman Catholics." Another man would refuse to extricate children from the débris of a Zeppelin raid or help a one-legged soldier when he fell in the street, because he "would not touch the accursed thing [war] with the tip of his finger."

As a rule, we feel that the man whose conscience does not allow him to undertake any kind of non-combatant service, either at home or abroad, is something of a suspect; though we cannot help a grain of sympathy for the one who buttressed his position by saying that if he had to act against his conscience, he would rather do so in a task to which some risk attached. A considerable number of conscientious objectors of this type seem really of a militant rather than of a pacifist disposition, out to fight for what they consider a thoroughly logical position, oblivious of the fact that every penny they spend in England is really helping on the war. And they also ignore the fact that, even if the ideal state of their dreams is nobler than the state as it exists, the British Empire has not yet been organized on that basis, and they have hitherto accepted without qualm all the benefits of the faultier organization. And now that the burglar has come, they turn round on their host and say: "I cannot help you, because I am a Christian and you are not." It is easy to believe that some of them have really attended classes for conscientious objectors, such as (it is alleged) have been established by the "No Conscription Fellowship."

On the other hand, it seemed very natural that a descendant of William Penn should have religious scruples about bloodshed, and he was treated very gently. The objection of an artist who rebelled against mutilating the beauty of the human form was overruled. The clerk in the War Office who managed to reconcile his well-paid job with refusal to help in the field did not bring conviction to the Committee. Some doubt was also felt about the young man whose aversion to blood was such that he could not eat plums off a tree under which a fowl had been massacred. The committeemen were somewhat dense to the plea that Esperantists consider it criminal to take human life. On the other side we have had the cases of the conscientious objector who changed his views in consequence of the last Zeppelin raid, of the man who was still anxious to enlist after eighteen rejections on account of his stammering, and of the elder brother who wished, on domestic and business reasons, to take the place of a younger brother who had been refused exemption. This last man was a Jew, and it may be said here that the Jews have shown up on the whole uncommonly well. Their spirit has been that of the chief rabbi, who decided that the crisis was such that the ritualistic prohibition of the "Cohens" to look on blood must be considered as suspended. One of the most tragic cases that came before us was that of a young student of aviation, who went off delighted at the postponement we granted him to get his flying certificate and fell to his death at Hendon a week or two later. His life might have been saved if we had sent him to the trenches.

The Tribunals and Advisory Committees have met with much criticism, but so far as my experience and observation go, their influence has been on the whole for good. Their members have acquired an immense store of first-hand information as to the circumstances and attitude of the man of military age throughout the country, and it hardly seems Utopian to hope that concerted action and representation, arising out of this knowledge, may yet help to clear the atmosphere and mitigate the embranglement in which we find ourselves.

Correspondence

THE TARIFF AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the control of world trade by tariff restrictions promises now to be a matter of prime importance in the near future, a glimpse at the tariff in the light of American history should prove of interest. A year or so ago President Wilson was saying that the tariff was a psychological question. Just what did he mean by this phrase? It is interesting to note that Mr. Wilson has changed front very recently on this issue, and is now in favor of a tariff-commission plan of handling this important matter. It may well be asked what theory can be introduced to account for the President's change of mind or heart.

A little arithmetic applied to this matter of the tariff gives interesting results. There has been a great deal of talk on the part of Republicans intended to convey the idea that the Democrats favor free trade. It is quite true that some Democratic theorists have favored free trade. The slogan of the Democratic party has been for many years a tariff for revenue only. Acting on this principle the country has seen the Democratic party on two occasions within recent years lower the Republican tariff in force by about 10 per cent. A very little figuring, using the known income from duties and customs, shows that the difference between a Republican and Democratic tariff may be near fifty millions of dollars. Such a sum is, of course, a veritable drop in the bucket in a country whose annual gross income runs from fifteen to twenty billions. How is it possible, then, that a Republican tariff means prosperity in the minds of more than half our population, and a Democratic tariff means hard times, lack of employment, and trouble generally?

The answer and explanation of all this is found in Mr. Wilson's saying that the tariff is a psychological as well as an economic question. If half the population thinks that the advent of the Democratic party to power means the crippling of business, then business is automatically crippled. Everybody knows the conduct of business is a matter of credit, using the word in the broadest significance, and if credit is crippled for whatever reason, the harm is done. Mr. Jones, a Republican, says to his friend Smith, "I am afraid to buy my usual amount of goods this year for fear the Democrats will come into power next autumn," and *fama*, as described by Virgil, does the rest. Thus, both the Democratic party and the country as a whole is punished for what the Republicans themselves do; that is, for the crime of smashing credit which the Republicans commit.

The writer of this carries no brief for the Democratic party. Its frailties and shortcomings are only too vividly pictured in his mind. But he believes that even the devil should have his due.

So far as one can see, a tariff commission, non-partisan in character and of high personnel, should be able to eliminate the principal evils we have suffered from in the past. It is commonly understood that 30 or 40 per cent. of our trusts have been built up on the basis of excessive tariff protection. This unfairness to the people a good tariff commission should make impossible, provided

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a partisan Congress does not take its natural power away from the commission. Indirect taxation is coming to be regarded at best as more or less dangerous. The faster the country is educated up to the advantages of direct taxation the better for it.

A word or two more in conclusion. If the exigencies of the situation after the war seem to demand the continuance of the fight in the form of a trade conflict carried on by the British nation and the other Entente Powers, these countries will have to consider well how they are going to conduct the conflict if they are not themselves to suffer more in the end than their enemies and the neutral nations with whom they have dealings. The British nation should rather consider the merits of education as an aid to the extension of trade as well as a thing good in itself. At any rate, the experience of the United States in trying to regulate a tariff has not been a happy one. Tariff discussions have had a way of crowding to one side vastly more important issues.

JOSEPH V. COLLINS.

Stevens Point, Wis., March 13.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial, "Our Anxious Task in Mexico," was very timely and instructive. Especially commendable seemed your caution to the American people to judge leniently their Southern neighbors, who still remember 1846.

It might be worth while in this connection to add that the people of the United States have hardly known until recently what really happened in 1846. At that time we, most of us at any rate, were as much deceived as to the real cause of the war with Mexico as the masses of the German people are as to the cause of the present European war.

When President Polk wrote his war message in 1846 he informed Congress and the American people that "Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory, and shed American blood upon the American soil."

What we know to-day puts another face on the situation. We know that Polk, at the opening of his Administration, was determined to get California away from Mexico. He employed the United States Consul in California, who, as Consul, worked under the official sanction and protection of the Mexican Government, to foment secretly an agitation that was designed to result in the separation of California from Mexico and union with the United States. He tried simultaneously to buy California, and when Mexico refused even to listen to such a proposal he and his Cabinet decided on war before they knew that any American soldiers had been killed. When the soldiers were killed it was on a strip of disputed territory to which Mexico had a far better claim than did the United States. The Mexican soldiers were attempting to protect the soil of Mexico from invasion.

In the opinion of most American historians the Mexican War was a war of aggression pure and simple. In the humble opinion of the present writer, it was the most infamous piece of "paper scrapping" that could be charged against the United States until Roosevelt "took Panama."

Why, then, should not the Mexicans fear and hate the "Gringoes"? And why should not the people of our great republic comprehend their feelings and deal gently with their sensibilities? RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford, Pa., March 22.

THE ANONYMITY OF THE "RAVEN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 10 last you have a note from Professor Chase, of London, headed, "Why Was the 'Raven' Published Anonymously?" This is a surprise, coming from the author of so good a book as "Poe and His Poetry," especially since Mr. Chase mentions in his bibliography "The Complete Poems of E. A. Poe," edited by the writer.

If he will turn to page 195 of that edition his error, common to nearly all writers on Poe, will become manifest. There it is stated: "The text of the 'Raven' given in Poe's poems since Griswold's time as revised by Poe for the *Broadway Journal* February 8, 1845, is an error. Poe at that time was employed on the *Mirror,* and in a letter to F. W. Thomas, dated May 4, 1845, said, 'I send you an early number of the *Broadway Journal* containing my "Raven." It was copied by Briggs, my associate, before I joined the paper.'"

J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., February 14.

TO CATO THE CREDIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 16, in the note referring to the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the trading stamps, you say, "Franklin's proverb about there being nothing so dear as the bargain at a penny, etc." I was under the impression that this apothegm is attributable to Cato: "Quod non opus est, asse carum est." W. A. CHASE.

Chicago, Ill., March 20.

DR. ERNEST SIEPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On January 6, 1916, there died at Munich, Germany, Dr. Ernest Sieper, professor of English literature and philology at the University of Munich. His most important contribution to science was his scholarly edition of Lydgate's "Reason and Sensuality" (Early Engl. Text. Soc., Extra Ser. 84, 1901). He also edited "Les echecs amoureux," an old French allegory in the style of the "Roman de la Rose," and the source of Lydgate's poem (Weimar, 1898). Soon, however, Professor Sieper's interest was directed towards the modern period of English literature, and he devoted himself to the study of the æsthetic movement in the Romantic and the Victorian age. The fruits of his researches in this field are chiefly contained in "Das Evangelium der Schönheit in der englischen Literatur und Kunst des 19. Yahrhunderts" (Dortmund, s. a.). His last book, which he had prepared with particular care, was a thorough study of the Old English elegiac poetry; it came out in print only October last ("Die altenglischen Elegien," Strassburg, 1914).

Professor Sieper has been one of the chief promoters of a friendly understanding with England, and he was personally acquainted with many of England's prominent politicians and intellectual leaders. The outbreak of the war dealt a dire blow to his ideals, but he never forsook the cause he had espoused. In numerous newspaper articles he pleaded for fair play and reacted against the vagaries of chauvinism. It was his sacred conviction that an ultimate adjustment of the conflicting political interests of England and Germany was possible, and that it ought to be prepared by intellectual and social coöperation. And no doubt, had Professor Sieper lived to see the conclusion of peace, his influence would have contributed in a large measure to quiet the chauvinists on both sides of the Channel, at least in the *république des lettres.*

WALTHER FISCHER.

Würzburg, January, 1916.

Notes from the Capital

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

The act of the National Academy of Sciences in conferring a medal upon Gifford Pinchot, in recognition of his "distinguished public service for the direction and organization of the movement for the conservation of the natural resources of the United States," calls to the fore again a figure once prominent in public affairs but of late less conspicuous. Most of the newspaper notices drawn out by the presentation speak of Pinchot as the father of scientific forestry in this country. That designation must be taken with a large allowance for error. The man who gave economic forestry under Government auspices, as distinguished from silviculture and woodlot farming, its great impulse, was Dr. Bernhard E. Fernow, now dean of forestry in the University of Toronto. Pinchot came to Washington first as Dr. Fernow's assistant. The subject was so little understood in Congress, however, that the division devoted to it in the Department of Agriculture was continually cramped for funds and repressed in scope, and Pinchot, finding himself uncomfortable there, presently passed into a broader field in private life, where he could be his own master; and it was only when his former chief was called to Cornell University, to organize a forestry school there, that he came back into the Federal service as its official expert in his specialty. He was young, alert, assiduous. His social gifts were considerable. His youthful enthusiasm was backed by a generous bank account; and such a combination, supplementing his training in this country and abroad, enabled him to make a headway with Congress for which one less practically equipped could scarcely hope. Not only did he procure larger appropriations year by year, but in due course the compass of the office he filled was enlarged, and the division was raised to substantially the dignity of a bureau.

The general conservation movement, as we know it to-day, grew out of the forestry movement by the most natural evolutionary process, although Pinchot's instrumentality in starting the train along will always stand to his credit. The saving of the forests from wanton destruction meant an increase in the water resources, and in order to make the most of these there must be a scientific system of storage and distribution. Who should undertake this? On the public lands, in connection with water courses that crossed State boundaries, the proper power was the Federal Government, because State jurisdiction stop-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ped short with the State border. Private appropriation of forests and water had been going on for years at such a rate that posterity seemed doomed to exclusion from the benefits of these things unless a systematic campaign were set afoot to check the selfish practice.

But the Government, as Pinchot viewed the matter, could not be trusted to work out the scheme unaided. He had had enough experience with Congress to realize that, even when its purpose is most sincere, it knows too little about sundry scientific subjects to protect itself against dishonest machinations and bad advice from outside. The only hope, therefore, of keeping the conservation movement alive and effective was to have a strong private organization always on the watch and ready to expose fallacies as promptly as they appeared. Hence the establishment of the National Conservation Association, in the oversight of whose activities Pinchot has won his chief fame.

A very outspoken man, with a definiteness about his hatreds and a freedom in his use of epithets that are far from tactful, Pinchot has succeeded in making a good many powerful enemies, especially since he has taken a strenuous part in politics. No physiognomist could note his tall, lithe figure at an age when men tend to grow heavy, his prominent temples, his deep-set eyes, and the depression of his face at the junction of the nostrils with the upper lip without recognizing his temperamental intenseness. The impression is heightened when he speaks, for he fairly pelts you with his words. He never lets an adverse argument, however trivial in itself, pass unchallenged, and he rarely smiles, though his face is relieved of a trifle of its habitual seriousness when he is amiably excited.

One could hardly conceive of a personality less adapted for the hurly-burly of common political strife, and his effort, two years ago, to be elected Senator in the place of Penrose, of Pennsylvania, was so surely foredoomed to failure that his best friends deplored his going into the contest. His optimism would have been proof against any protest, however, had it been offered; he would have dismissed every remonstrance as the emanation of a faint heart. His one controlling thought was that in the Senate he would find an unequalled vantage-ground from which to push much-needed legislation; and on the possibility that an overwhelming defeat might inflict severe damage on the cause he was advocating, he wasted not a moment's consideration.

But outside of politics Pinchot has a highly appropriate sphere of usefulness. He is trying to save the natural resources for the benefit of posterity; and, no matter how his speech and conduct may affect the mature men with whom he has occasion to wrestle, the appeal he makes to young people seems irresistible. He can explain problems of conservation to an audience of boys and girls in the grammar-school stage so as to reach their understandings and arouse in them a desire to help in the movement. He carries a class of collegians with him almost as if he owned them. In the Forestry Service he trained a staff of young subordinates who fairly worshipped him, and whose loyalty has remained unshaken by any later vicissitudes. Here is obviously his undisputed field; and it is more than possible that the National Academy had in mind his work with, quite as much as his work for, future generations, in singling him out for the honor it conferred. TATTLER.

The Humanism of Shakespeare

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

I.

When we commemorate the death of a great man, we are accustomed to recount his virtues, and, according to the measure of our ability, to reanimate his dust. In the case of Shakespeare the dearth of biographical documents and the perverse subtlety of posterity have rendered it difficult to perform these rites of honor. Minute research recovers a christened, marrying, acting, playwriting, shareholding, litigating, will-making person of the slightest inspirational quality. Seventeenth-century reference is rich in praise of the writings, but indicates little more of the man than that he was of "upright demeanor," "civil," "honest," fluent, and of an "open and free nature." The Shakespeare whom we would honor, we know almost exclusively through his works. As Sir Walter Raleigh has finely said: "He wove upon the roaring loom of Time the garment that we see him by; and the earth at Stratford closed over the broken shuttle."

From the works, however, each age has reconstructed "Shakespeare the man" very much as, from a survey of the world, each age has reconstructed the Creator: sometimes expatiating in folios on the attributes of deity; sometimes content with asking us to adore the Great Unknowable. The young Milton meditating on the works becomes a monument of wonder and astonishment; and Goethe in his old age exclaims, "But we cannot talk about Shakespeare; everything is inadequate." In the romantic days when men worshipped Nature, a pious German editor held that the works of Shakespeare were an "integral part of nature and therefore above criticism." Since Hazlitt launched his paradox, that "no really great man ever thought himself so," perhaps the most striking and popular notion concerning the poet is that he did not know what he was about. The spirit of our day, with its new naturalistic philosophies, finds this notion in happy accord with its inclination. The spirit of our day—with its new friendliness to the life of the senses, to "vital forces," to the spontaneous, the natural, the instinctive, the purposeless—pleasantly flatters itself by discovering in the works of the world's master dramatist not a thinking, deliberate human architect, but an unconscious, unmoral, natural force, working effortless miracles like the apiary parthenons or the intricate arras of the frost.

This current view of Shakespeare as a neutral, unmoral, unconscious creative force rests upon a superficially plausible but, as I believe, a thoroughly fallacious argument, which runs something like this: Shakespeare created a various world in the image of that in which we live. It is peopled with kings and peasants, saints and sinners, sages and fools, men and monsters, each obedient to the dictation of his own heart, belly, or other oracle of his destiny. It is neither a better nor a worse place of residence than New York or London. With impartial hand its maker has unloosed the powers of good and evil to work out their eternal conflict, with no more of divine interposition than is observable upon this afflicted planet. The virtuous are insecure in felicity; justice is frequently thwarted; the treacherous and bloody villain works his will; and the innocent go down with the guilty to disaster and death. To attribute to the author the sentiment of any one of his *dramatis personæ* is, as Juliet's nurse would say, "very weak dealing"; for the chances are that the chosen sentiment is contradicted in the next scene by another of the *dramatis personæ*. "No critical test has yet been found," says Sir Sidney Lee in the latest edition of his Life, "whereby to disentangle Shakespeare's personal feelings or opinions from those which he imputes to the creatures of his dramatic world. It was contrary to Shakespeare's dramatic aim to label or catalogue in drama his private sympathies or antipathies."

This parallel between the real world and the world of Shakespeare's imagination neglects one immensely important difference; which is overlooked only because it is so obvious, but which, adequately apprehended, destroys the illusion of parallelism altogether, and explodes the theory of authorial reticence and dramatic impersonality. The difference is this: In viewing the real world we frequently misunderstand the characters and motives of people who are very near to us, and we frequently miss the significance of important events which are taking place under our eyes. The grief of those we love is often inarticulate and unknown to us; passion sometimes gives no sign; hypocrisy wears its mask unpenetrated; and iniquity often goes not merely unpunished, but undetected and even unsuspected, to the grave. In partial or complete ignorance, even the wise and sensitive among us misplace our affection, our admiration, our compassion; and dull souls walk daily among tragic and comic friends and neighbors without a smile or a tear.

In viewing Shakespeare's imaginary world, on the other hand, we are all constrained to see and to feel poignantly the emotional and moral significance of every character and every event. We follow the course of the great passions, which for us have no underground channels, from their inception to their catastrophic close. The lid of life is off. We gaze into the heart of all the crises. The bosoms of sinners have no secrets for us; we have attended them in each step that led to their *doloroso passo*. The just and the unjust man stand for us naked in their diverse qualities, as we are told they shall stand at the last assizes. There is not the least ambiguity in their appeal to our emotions or our judgment. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

master of the spectacle has bared to the last filament their characters, their motives, and their intentions; for Shakespeare's technique aims at delight not by the defeat but by the fulfilment of expectation. His figures are so placed, so contrasted, so lighted from within and from without—by soliloquy, aside, chorus, and direct speech and act—that our sympathies go right; go where he intended that they should go. If goodness and beauty are not always fortunate in the plot, they are invariably recognized and loved by the spectators. If the *dramatis personæ* do not receive poetic justice in the play, they always receive it in the audience!

This clarifying of the judgment and this direction of the sympathies are precisely Shakespeare's self-revelation. His intention is to be inferred, like that of any master-craftsman, by his effect. To know what he thought about life, the normally constituted reader or spectator has only to consult his own emotions when they have been stirred by the presence of the master's adored and execrated creatures. But we err through a grievous lack of reflection, if we attribute Shakespeare's effect primarily to our own intelligence and discrimination; for, as I have just insisted, Shakespeare presents to us, in place of the bewildering and uncertain reality, a world artfully prepared, unveiled, intelligible, with every value already discriminated. Shakespeare holds the "mirror" up to nature, but the light which renders the reflected objects visible is not the light of the sun, but the illumination of the mirror-maker's "comprehensive soul." His characters do not wait for our praise or blame. At their very advent in the world of the imagination Iago stood in the eternal shadow of his creator's condemnation, and Desdemona walked in the light of his countenance. We, with our essentially superfluous feeling and intelligence, are asked to judge a case which has already come to judgment.

II.

All this amounts to a declaration that Shakespeare reveals himself through his work as a mind in which the great creative and shaping force of the imagination is constantly regulated and directed by a critical intelligence, stamping values upon the things created, and aiming steadily at a total æsthetic and moral effect which was approved by the best sense of his own time, and has endured the scrutiny of three hundred years.

Those of us who, trusting in this "argument from design," hold this view of him, and resent honoring his memory with the "naturalists" by denying him intelligence, self-knowledge, morality, and the normal human loyalties, have indeed some high modern authorities on our side. Goethe, for example, said to Eckermann, "The poet must know what effects he wishes to produce, and regulate the nature of his characters accordingly. . . . What would be the use of poets, if they only repeated the record of the historian? The poet must go further, and give us, if possible, something higher and better. All the characters of Sophocles have something of that great poet's lofty soul; and it is the same with the characters of Shakespeare. That is as it ought to be." Coleridge perhaps slightly overstated our case when he asserted that "no man was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a great philosopher." But those who stand for the recognition of the intellectual element in poetic genius, and, in spite of current poetic practice and precept, cling to the belief that the poet needs to know something and to be something, find satisfaction in Coleridge's summary description of Shakespeare's talent: "What, then, shall we say? Even this, that Shakespeare, no mere child of nature; no automaton of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration . . . first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings."

The chief argument in favor of our view, however, is not that it is in harmony with the view of Goethe and of Coleridge, but that it is in harmony with the view of the men among whom Shakespeare lived. It is consonant with their eulogies of him, and also with their general conceptions of the poet and the poetic art. The correction of many of our modern misinterpretations is to step through and ignore the commentators of the last hundred years, and to re-read the text in the light of Elizabethan and Jacobean criticism and theory. In making this return, it is to be remembered that Shakespeare, among his fellow-dramatists, is, with very few exceptions, distinctly among his inferiors, not merely in respect to poetry but also in respect to morality and intelligence. If you pass from reading Shakespeare to Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Heywood, you feel yourself descending from the highlands to the foothills and the plain. If you wish to remain long in the company of the grave and capacious wits who made the glory of the Great Age, you must leave the Bankside. But you may read in turn Sidney's "Apology," a sermon of Hooker's, an epithalamion of Spenser's, an essay of Bacon's, a chapter of the King James Bible, the literary notebook of Jonson, or the prose passage in "Henry V" discussing the king's responsibility for the souls of his soldiers—without any shocking change of elevation.

If one consults with this group of Shakespeare's peers, one learns a good many points about the temper of the age, which many recent writers have forgotten. It is perfectly clear, for example, that the Elizabethans were not ashamed of their moral intentions. From Sidney to Jonson it is agreed that the "very end of Poesie" is the delightful teaching of morality; to make men love the good and eschew the evil. And Sidney, the adored representative of his time, expresses its characteristic idealism and its high seriousness when in a famous passage he asserts the ultimate moral purpose of all learning: "This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what end soever it be directed, the final end is to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clayey lodging, can be capable of." In distinction from our modern æsthetes who hold that the end of poetry is beauty, or our modern naturalists who hold that the end of literature is a scientific representation of truth, Spenser tells us that the general end of his great poem is "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." In contrast with our modern theorists, who insist upon the spectatorial neutrality of the artist, "Men must know," says Lord Bacon, "that in the theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on." Passages such as these afford to my mind a strong presumption that if Shakespeare had any community of spirit with his peers in his own time, and it is absurd to suppose that he had not, he would have looked upon a neutral and unmoral poet with contempt.

When I hear a modern scholar call Shakespeare "the supreme child of a child-like age," I take some satisfaction in the certainty that the phrase would have perplexed Lord Bacon as much as it perplexes me. I try in vain to reconcile that conception of him with the inscription beneath his bust in Stratford, which attributes to him the judgment of Nestor, the sagacity of Socrates, and the art of Virgil. If that evidence is rejected as epigraphical compliment, I turn with confidence to that "crusty batch of nature," Ben Jonson, a man who weighed his words, notoriously chary of praise to his contemporaries, an inveterate egotist, obviously Shakespeare's rival, a confirmed and belligerent classicist, and, as such, sincerely hostile to Shakespeare's dramatic principles and practice. While Shakespeare is living, "honest Ben" jibes and jests at him, as he does at most men; but when the Stratford poet is gathered to his fathers, it is this reluctant witness who pays what is perhaps still the supreme tribute to his art; matches him with Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles; puts him in comparison (as he does elsewhere Lord Bacon) with all that "insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth, or since did from their ashes come." It is certainly the supreme extant tribute to the personal charm of Shakespeare that this same reluctant witness should have said in another place: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any." Now for our present purposes the significant point is this: Jonson, who knew both works and man, declared that Shakespeare's mind and manners are distinctly recognizable, are indeed resplendently visible, in his works:

. . . Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III.

If Shakespeare, whom Jonson called the "soul of the age," was, after all, a typical thinking Elizabethan with the Elizabethan taste for moral philosophy, we may be sure that he meditated on nature like an Elizabethan humanist. The essence of Elizabethan as of other humanisms is the understanding of man and the definition of the sphere of properly human activity. The philosophical mind of Shakespeare's age began the work of reflection by cleaving the universe along three levels. On the lowest level is the natural world, which is the plane of instinct, appetite, animality, lust, the animal passions or affections; on this level the regulation is by necessary or natural law. On the middle level is the human world, which is regulated and, in a sense, created by the will and knowledge of man; working upon the natural world, but governed by reason, the special human faculty, and illuminated more or less from the level above. On the third level is the supernatural world, which is the plane of spiritual beings, and the home of eternal ideas.

Now let us hear from Hooker, that too infrequently remembered "master of wit and language," what man is, and how he should demean himself in his middle state:

> Whatsoever we work as man, the same we do wittingly work and freely. . . . Two fountains there are of human action, Knowledge and Will. . . . But of one thing we must have special care, as being a matter of no small moment; and that is how the Will, properly and strictly taken, as it is of things referred unto the end that man desireth, differeth greatly from that inferior natural desire, which we call Appetite. The object of Appetite is whatsoever sensible good may be wished for; the object of Will is that good which Reason doth lead us to seek. . . . Appetite is the Will's solicitor; and the Will is Appetite's controller; what we covet according to the one by the other we often reject; neither is any other desire properly termed Will but that where Reason and Understanding, or the show of Reason, prescribeth the thing desired. . . . When hereupon we come to observe in our souls of what excellency our souls are in comparison with our bodies, and the diviner part in relation with the baser of our souls; seeing that all these concur in producing human actions, it cannot be well unless the chiefest do command and direct the rest. The soul then ought to conduct the body, and the spirit of our minds the soul.

I can but very briefly and inadequately indicate here the grounds for my belief that this beautiful passage of Hooker's summarizes very well the working philosophy which informs the dramas of Shakespeare. His plays are studded with evidence that he meditated constantly on the relation of man to the natural world below him, and to the supernatural world above him; that he had made for himself the kind of distinction which Hooker makes between the will and the appetite, the voluntary law of man and the involuntary law of nature; and that he looked upon Knowledge and Will as the supreme human attributes, exalting their dignity as compared with instinct, and accentuating their general importance as compared with supernatural influences.

Gray called him "Nature's darling"—"to him the mighty Mother did unveil her awful face." No one who has examined his scores of references to nature can imagine that he worshipped his "mother" in the Wordsworthian sense as the guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul of all his moral being. On the contrary, he held up to her with somewhat unfilial candor the mirror of his own idealism, which reflected her beauty, and also every mole in her mysterious visage. As he represents her, she is an earth-born deity, a bounteous housewife, the president of the natural world, magnificently various, fertile, and vital, but secret, a dissembler, irrationally impartial, absolutely unmoral. To some of her children she gives good gifts—grace, health, strength, equability of temper; to others, wry faces, disease, stammering speech, choler. At one time or another her "darling" is driven to reflect that "Nature with a beauteous wall doth oft close in pollution," that "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time," and that "there's nothing level in our cursed natures." One avowed nature-worshipper Shakespeare presents: Edmund, the bastard son of Gloucester, who exclaims, "Thou, Nature, art my goddess," which means that he will not acknowledge custom or civil or divine law, but will follow through adultery and murder the natural law of his own instincts. One bland believer in "natural goodness" he presents: Gonzalo, in the "Tempest," who would establish Montaigne's ideal commonwealth in the enchanted isle, and abolish labor and government, expecting, as a result of following nature, leisure in the men and purity in the women. Is it not the Socratic insight of Shakespeare that cuts in with the laconic comment: "All idle; whores and knaves"?

From reflection upon the duplicity of Nature, it is perfectly clear, I think, that Shakespeare concluded we cannot trust her to feed these minds or bodies of ours in a "wise passiveness." But as he feels Will and Knowledge strong within him, he throws out in his earlier plays many cheerful hints for "men of action." It's a mixed world, my masters, but a vigorous wrangler will wrest something sweet from the churlish mother. The following passages perhaps come as near to optimism as anything in Shakespeare:

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out.
> —"Henry V."

> For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
> But to the earth some special good doth give.
> —"Romeo and Juliet."

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.
> —"As You Like It."

Shakespeare emphasizes human responsibility not merely in opposition to the fatality of instinct, but also in opposition to the fatality of stellar foreordination. Even his astonishingly intellectual villains (the intelligence of Shakespearean villains is perhaps an instance of the creator's "lofty soul" impregnating his characters) become admirable pulpiters of his humanism. Iago's exhortation to Roderigo would do credit to a bishop: "Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. . . . If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion." Edmund's derision of his father's faith in celestial signs is another striking case in point: "We make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star." In gentler mood, these are to the same effect:

> Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
> Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
> Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
> —"All's Well."

> Men at some times are masters of their fates:
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
> But in ourselves that we are underlings.
> —"Julius Caesar."

The case for Shakespeare's humanism does not rest, however, upon any collection of isolated passages; these but illustrate readily an impression, won from his entire work, of a tendency running throughout his literary career. His plays, when arranged in chronological order, reveal a progressive interest passing from the more natural and sentimental phases of feeling to the more imaginative, subtle, and intellectual; thence through a period of intense disgust with the lower instinctive level and even with the natural processes of life to a serene and benign expression of harmony in the threefold universe.

I am unwilling to leave the subject without saying a word on his treatment of the chief topic of our novelists. At the outset of his career he does betray a curious interest, witnessed by his two narrative poems, in merely fleshly desire and in merely fleshly chastity; but, with the one exception of his youth, here indicated, he presents carnality as ridiculous, as in Falstaff, or as abhorrent, as in Tarquin. The fruit of his personal experience in that field seems distilled in the bitter sonnet beginning: "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame is lust in action."

In his earlier comedies in romantic vein, like "The Two Gentlemen" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he treats love lightly, with a kind of sweet mockery, jestingly, indulgently as a toy of youth, with exquisite elfish laughter of Puck in the shrubbery at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rear: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" It is as if he concurred more or less in the opinion of the contemporary essayist Cornwallis: "It is a pretty, soft thing—this same love—the badge of eighteen and upwards, not to be disallowed; better spend thy time so than at dice. I am content to call this love, though I hold love too worthy a cement to join earth to earth."

In "Romeo and Juliet," with a burst of richer poetry, he shows the height of amorous emotion almost transfigured by its intensity, passion's brief splendor, flashing like lightning in the summer night, and, like lightning, devoured by the jaws of darkness—"so swift bright things come to confusion." The critical function performed by the mirth of Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is here undertaken by Friar Lawrence, who holds the mirror of reason up to passion:

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.

In the chief comedies of Shakespeare's second period every one must recognize that the author's early interest in sentimental story gives way to his growing interest in character. In "Twelfth Night" Viola and her lovesick Duke are almost eclipsed by the conspirators in the sub-plot, who are playing, it is to be observed, not romantic but classical comedy, that is to say, comedy which sports with human follies, and which shows to a pompous and self-deceived Malvolio his ridiculous visage in the mirror of common-sense. In "As You Like It," interest in romantic story is again overshadowed—in this case by a many-sided philosophic commentary on life, supplied by more or less subordinate or extraneous characters, Jaques, Touchstone, and the banished duke. In "Much Ado," finally, the traditional romantic hero and heroine, Claudio and Hero, are all but extinguished in order to allow those lambent intelligences, Beatrice and Benedict, to emerge from what is structurally the sub-plot, and to dominate the scene. In the exhibition of their intellectual fencing and in their unmasking, Shakespeare clearly betrays the shifting of his own interest from the sentimental to the rational level, from the field of the Petrarchian sonneteers to the field of classical comedy. "Do you not love me?" says Beatrice. "No more than reason," says Benedict.

An appropriate sub-title for the great tragedies of the "third period" would be, "The World Lost by Passion." These plays would serve well to illustrate Bacon's saying, that "the stage is more beholden to love than the life of man"; and we know that they actually furnished matter for Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," in which the "grand passion" is treated as a disease of body and mind. In them are many indications that the author's mind—whether through bitter personal experience or through delighted imaginative apprehension, does not greatly concern us—was in a state approaching revolt against the sway of the senses and the limitations and necessities imposed on man by his participation in physical nature. One recalls a faint persistent ill odor in "Hamlet" as of dead men's bones; the Prince's injunction to his rejected Ophelia: "Get thee to a nunnery; why would thou be a breeder of sinners? We will have no more marriages"; Othello driven raving mad by the sensual insinuations of his destroyer; Lear calling on the thunder to crack nature's moulds and spill the seeds of life, and wiping his hand of the smell of mortality; and Coriolanus, the hero of a tragedy notably devoid of all "sex-interest," vainly striving to free himself from the natural bond of blood and sonship, vainly protesting that he will never be "a gosling to obey instinct."

The spirit of tranquillity which even the most skeptical critics observe in the latest dramas, "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest," is not achieved, however, by a disgusted and ascetic secession of the mind from the natural world. The secret of tranquillity is the practice of the humanistic philosophy expounded by Hooker in the "Ecclesiastical Polity," and dramatically expressed by Shakespeare in his almost divinely beautiful "farewell to the stage." It is a philosophy which secures peace on the purely human level by a reconciliation of the soul with the body through the mediation of reason, rendered wise by knowledge, and efficient by will. I am sorry for those who do not believe that the enchanted island of "The Tempest" is man's universe, presented first in a state of insurrection, and then in a state of tranquillity, when Ariel, the lawless imagination longing for liberty, and Caliban, the incarnation of the lusts and powers and instincts of our animal nature, and all the warring elements and factions, yield to the wonder-working sway and sovereignty of a benignant reason, represented by Prospero, lord of the isle.

For Prospero, the peculiarly luminous mirror of Shakespeare's "mind and manners," the solemn pageants of the phenomenal world have lost their imposing and substantial character, have something for him of the nature of cloud-wrack and dream-stuff; and he reflects, in his sessions of solitary thought, with a certain philosophic compassion upon the emotions and pursuits of mortals who follow, hot-footed and eager, the flying feet of time. Yet he has not lost the human touch. Even towards the animal nature, provided it is obedient to discipline, he is kindly and indulgent; so that Caliban himself, after a brief revolt, returns from Trinculo and Stephano to his sterner master, saying: "O what a thrice-double ass was I to take this drunkard for a god, and worship this dull fool." Towards guilty penitents on the human level, his "nobler reason" takes the part of forgiveness against his just indignation; and towards the fair and innocent human lovers his attitude is a sustained benediction; their mutual attraction he exquisitely expresses by drawing them together by a strain of Ariel's music; and upon their union he invokes all the good gifts of Juno and Ceres, earth and heaven. Before the higher powers, between whom and him the partition of the senses is growing transparent, he stands in quiet expectation of the hour when he, released from the imprisonment and servitude of time and space, shall pass through nature into the world of eternal ideas.

Thither Shakespeare swiftly followed him. We who cannot go to Stratford to deck the church that holds his canonized bones; we who know that English flowers which English hands in happier years would have carried there will, in this sad spring, be strewn on fresher graves, may repeat on this occasion with a special sense of consolation the lines of his fifty-fifth sonnet:

Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

Literature

STUDIES OF THE BELLIGERENTS.

The Imperial Impulse: Background Studies of Belgium, England, France, Germany, Russia. By Samuel P. Orth. New York: The Century Co. $1.20 net.

This volume, whose contents are denoted by the title subordinate, is one of innumerable writings inspired by the German-European War; but it is also one, from the smaller number, which deals not with the struggle itself, and not even with its causes, except as origins may be better understood from knowledge of the nations themselves. What it assumes is the difficult task of giving to the reader background, atmosphere, comprehension of character, clearer understanding of motive and design. The book is well done, and we have found it stimulating and full of interest. It shows intimate acquaintance with the things narrated, as well as thorough and delicate appreciation; there is much that is delightful and more that will suggest further thought; generally the writing is clear and refreshing, and sometimes so weighty as to be reminiscent of the manner of Carlyle. And we may note also at this point the defects: not a few disturbing, though petty, errors in spelling and in words themselves, which point to the proof having been read quickly or with scanty care; sometimes a very bold assurance in statement of things which must be doubtful; summary and decisive treatment of large and difficult matters which results in dictum superficial more than profound; and occasionally a manner which in forced vigor and abruptness seems to us not remotely akin to a detestable style now widely advertised and widely circulated in Sunday newspapers. In so far as these criticisms are harsh, we make them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more willingly, because the general excellence of the book itself imposes upon the critic high standards.

There are six essays. Four have already been published—the more important of these in the *Century Magazine;* the papers on Belgium and Russia appear for the first time. Of "Germany's Destiny" we shall say little; not that it deserves little, but because of late the subject has been so much written about. Pertinent and interesting observations abound. "Germany has been the one great modern cultural and industrial power to preserve almost intact the theory of class government through divine right; and the corollary of divine right is military might." Most interesting is the assertion that Germans experienced simultaneously the period of commercial adventure and the period of industrial revolution.

> Born out of time, it would seem, this people of thinkers in the brief span of a few decades passed through the most thrilling experiences which the Britons had known in four centuries of romantic history—adventure, colonization, industrial awakening. They met the shock of this dual realization with the mechanism of feudal autocracy, and sought through a perfection of foreordained routine, rather than through the stimulation of individual initiative, to atone for this tardiness.

And he says: "Can you make a man a machine, and yet by some autocratic miracle save his soul? This is the greatest issue of this war."

The essay on "England: Imperial Opportunist" is excellent. It seems sometimes that England is as little known to Americans as Germany with respect to real comprehension of the character of the people; and this essay should therefore be helpful reading. Here is explained that character so much like our own and yet so widely different, which reveres all that is best in the past, and even clings to some empty forms of old days, but which always adjusts itself to the present in marvellous fashion. In all the history of England and all the development of the empire has been constant adjustment—adjustment of one thing to another, and of actions to the circumstances prevailing. "Does it work?" is the maxim which guides the conduct of Englishmen, and opportunism is the dominant characteristic, with compromise and supporting the balance of power as consequences. Nowhere recently have we seen better description of the virtues and the defects of these kinsmen of ours whose all is now placed upon ordeal of battle.

In reading "Belgium: International Waif" and "Russia in Transition," we had the impression that here the work was more hastily done, but of such matters the critic cannot always be sure, and even if it be so, we are certain that the contents were not hastily acquired by the author. The Belgians, at the confluence of three irresistible and antagonistic ethnic currents, suffered for hundreds of years all the calamities which might imposes upon helplessness, and were denied national existence until 1831, even after this their independence being held only upon sufferance. And yet, with all these disadvantages, notwithstanding old accentuation of local differences, and notwithstanding even that the nation is made up of two different races clinging to their different languages, the Belgians have indeed achieved real nationalism. This seems to the author important, in that these people, a fragment of France and a fragment of Germany, united in a tiny country, have together solved the problem of nationality and individual freedom without being frustrated, as others have been, with difficulties about the uniform and homogeneous.

With regard to Russia, the author thinks that this war may create a new and mighty force in international affairs. French culture and German enterprise and learning have made barely an impression as yet upon the 170,000,000 subjects of the Czar, "whose geographical position links them to the eager aggressiveness of the West and the wise and patient somnolence of the East." Evidently, they await a culture of their own. For them the importance of the present is that they are in transition, and that transformation is being hastened by the crisis which has involved them. There is an illuminating account of the structure and character of the Russian Government, and of the customs and condition of the Russian people, of the elements of change, and also of the apparent trend towards greater freedom.

The essay on "The Soul of the French," which is the second in the volume, we designedly consider last, since it has seemed to us the ablest and most striking contribution which the author makes. Prior to the period of the Entente Cordiale, Frenchmen were little understood in English-speaking countries, and even up to the very outbreak of the war there was a widespread feeling that this nation, brilliant and admirable as it might be, was yet fatally lacking in necessary qualities. Now, therefore, when in the midst of the cataclysm which envelops them they hold aloft for one side the destiny of Europe, and appear serenely, calmly, and grandly great, alone among the combatants little blamed, and hated hardly at all, there is general appreciation among onlookers that the qualities of Frenchmen were not previously well understood, and there is as general desire to understand their character better. Here we believe this essay to be of great service. The author attempts to describe Paris, its history, and its character, and then the people of the land, who, rising up from the ashes of peasant condition in the ancient régime, survive alone of the old classes to make the soul of modern France. He shows, though not so clearly, we think, how circumstances of the past have developed what is now the predominant characteristic of this people, intense individualism; what is the Frenchman's attitude—and this is admirably done—towards things; why he regards his Government and Ministries with so little concern; and what some of his apparently inconsistent and mercurial actions really mean from his own point of view. Here is shown a nation of individualists, quick, brilliant, original, and of exquisite taste, but also strong, thrifty, and sound. The Frenchman pays homage only to personal achievement, and seeks for personages who can amuse, interest, and stimulate. "His overruling ambition is to live his own life, and the aim of his education is to enrich that life and make it capable of complete self-expression":

> So you have this boulevardier who is the greatest of home-lovers; this intellectualist who loses himself in revolution; this revolutionist who is consumed with patriotism; this bravado who flaunts his vices while he carefully conceals his virtues; who is simple, yet long ago ceased to be "naïve enough to be conceited"; a man who has, in a word, learned to laugh at himself while the world takes him seriously, and who has learned to take himself seriously when the world laughs at him.

What, says the author, must be the verdict of civilization "if he is finally overwhelmed, if his sunny land, the land of bonhomie, the land whose prosperity bodes evil for no one—if this land is finally overrun by brute force"? And he concludes:

> In these days of "efficiency"-hunting, it will be worth untold fortunes to have one nation of individuals left, an oasis of artistic intuition in a desert of socialized machinery. In these days of cant and insincerity, it will be worth even more to preserve the one people who are not afraid of inconsistency.

"Our First Duty," which brings the book to an end, contains reflections on the present situation with regard to the interests of the United States.

CURRENT FICTION.

Those About Trench. By Edwin Herbert Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This first novel by a university professor of English, though full of faults, is also full of a kind of power: not the power of narrative, for Mr. Lewis's manner of telling his yarn is a constant provocation to profanity; but in part the power of effective phrase, and in part the greater power of creating character. The structure of the novel is nearly as bad as it could be. At the beginning it appears to be a story of the good physician. Dr. Trench at twenty-nine has already won distinction as a pediatrist, and is a professor in the Lister Institute. Though he is too busy to have a philosophy, he is to all intents and purposes a materialistic atheist, who, in spite of his apparent hardness, has, of course, a sentimental side. He broods over a deep and secret grief—the loss of his mother. He has inherited moderate wealth, and is spending it entirely for humanitarian and scientific purposes. He has built a house in Halsted Street, where years before his father's money had been made, and has gathered around him in it a group of poor medical students of various races, a menagerie, as one of them says. His practice is largely among the very poor immigrants of the district. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is in love, but skeptical of love, and determined not to bring unhappiness on the girl by marrying her. She on her part is determined to convert him to a less bleak philosophy. One can see what is going to happen to him; but so, apparently, could the author, after he had spent some sixty pages in delineating Trench at full length; and therefore he decided to choose another hero and take a fresh start.

Enter then Saadi Sereef, a dark young medical student professedly from Bokhara, with an astonishing gift of assimilating and turning to his own uses American slang. His philosophy of life is a sort of caricature of the doctor's; and on becoming an inmate of the menagerie his first act is to insult all his new housemates, and his second to attempt suicide. The author is determined not to let us foresee the fate of this new hero; therefore nearly all that we learn about Saadi in the hundred pages after his appearance turns out later to be, as he says, "Arabian Nights stories." By the time we get thoroughly interested in him, he disappears, supposedly summoned by the father in Bokhara with whom he says he has quarrelled. Meanwhile we have been led to believe that he has seduced a young Jewish girl in whom Dr. Trench's inamorata is interested. It transpires, however, that he has married her—contrary to his principles. When Dr. Trench learns that Mrs. Saadi expects a child, he cables another one-time pupil, Dr. Jaffer, of Peshawar, India, asking him to go to Bokhara, look up Saadi, and make sure that he intends to return. From this point for nearly another hundred pages Jaffer holds the centre of the stage, with his pilgrimage in search of Saadi, which ends in Bosnia. Thus the story comes back to Saadi, who is greatly changed, and whose real history we now learn for the first time; and at last, very briefly, to Dr. Trench himself. A factitious appeal to still another kind of interest is made through Saadi's connection with the plot to assassinate Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

It would require a more than Polonian power of classification to pigeon-hole this story. We might call it a scientific-philosophic-sociological-international-complication novel; but this would not include quite all of it. We need comment on only the worst sins of omission and commission. The most interesting thing that happens to Saadi is the radical change in his point of view and beliefs. The scenes which lead to this change—the *scènes à faire*—are nearly all omitted! The long interpolation of Jaffer and his journey is totally unnecessary, its cause and only excuse being the needless mystification as to Saadi's origin. Yet in spite of this extraordinary handicap, the story holds the reader's attention, partly through its crisp freshness of phrase, and partly through the vitality of Saadi himself. For Saadi, impossible as he may seem, is alive; and so are Wu, and Deland, and Chatterjee, and (in his way) Dr. Trench. And Mr. Lewis can write not only doctors' jargon, and Oriental-American slang, and *disjecta membra* of many languages, but compact and telling English, strengthened by a gift of apt literary allusion and quotation. It is to be hoped that his next plot will not represent so complete a vacation from unity, coherence, and emphasis.

Handle with Care. By Margaret Turnbull. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is an agreeable and not too serious piece of fiction, treating the good old subject of an interesting reprobate's reformation in a modern and common-sensible fashion. The heroine, whose observation of inebriety has been purely scientific, breaks down at institutional work and is sent into the country to recuperate. There she encounters the youth whose high-explosive quality is frankly advertised by himself as well as by the village community in which he finds himself marooned. But the lady, versed in laboratory methods, refuses to be unduly alarmed. She analyzes the situation correctly and is able to supply the needed stimulus to self-respect which neither village ostracism nor the institution's card catalogue provided. There is a refreshing absence of false sentiment, and a good deal of humor in the telling. For "setting," a country neighborhood somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey and the artist colony which it harbors in summer are cleverly sketched in.

The Making and Breaking of Almansur. By Clarice M. Cresswell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The subject of the Moors in Spain is one with which an historical romancer might well fall in love, and this author is evidently thoroughly infatuated with her subject. Certainly she spares no rhetoric in its adornment:

> They were a powerful race, who called water from the desert, wealth from desolation, and wisdom from darkness. No men in those days of the tenth century could build as they built. No nation could sit in their presence at the laden board of mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and philosophy, save as a little child sits in ignorance at its master's feet. No people could meet on equal footing at the feast of art and literature a people whose meanest boatman rhymed in measure as he swung his painted sweeps under the barbican of the Khalif's dwelling; whose meanest purveyor of herbs in the Street of the Sellers of Sweet Basil could cap the verses flung out at him in passing by the first of the poets who graced Abdu-r-rahman's flowery court.

By way of palliating the cruelties of a Mohammedan ruler of the tenth century, Almansur is represented as the embodiment of faithful and avenging love. The object of his affections was a beautiful slave girl for whom he had meant to renounce ambition in favor of a purely domestic future. But an intrigue is afoot in the Khalif's harem, in which she becomes involved. Consequently, she is done to death in blood-curdling fashion, and Almansur lays grim hold on the political situation resulting from the Khalif's death, establishes the boy-heir, Hisham, as the ostensible ruler of Cordova, himself as nominal guardian and actual potentate, and relentlessly metes out retribution to every one who had a hand in his inamorata's death. His conquest of northern Spain and the beautification of Cordova engross him until the adherents of the young Khalif and the lords of his conquered cities conspire to his undoing.

The historical outline, at any rate, is there. How truly the spirit of that far-off age is interpreted is another question. The anxious effort to endow the hero with qualities which twentieth-century Americans will find sympathetic seems a mistake. The best that can be said for it is that it has resulted in a flowery addition to "harem literature"—that lately neglected (and little to be regretted) branch of fiction.

CANADA'S GREATEST ENGINEER.

Sanford Fleming, Empire Builder. By Lawrence J. Burpee. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

It is not given to many men to have as large a part in building up a new country as Sanford Fleming had in building up Canada. With his name must be forever associated the two trunk lines which bind the provinces of the Dominion together in economic and political unity. Such achievements of a railway engineer demand commemoration; and they are fittingly recorded by Mr. L. J. Burpee. As a biographer, he enjoyed the peculiar advantage of intimate acquaintance with the subject of his biography. In fact, the book was constructed under Sir Sanford Fleming's eye, and submitted to his revision, chapter by chapter, almost to the inevitable *finis*. Such a method ought to insure an authentic record. Mr. Burpee has produced a readable account of an important life, refraining from comment and allowing the man's deeds to speak for themselves.

Like so many other "makers of Canada," Sanford Fleming was a Scot. In 1827 he was born in Kirkcaldy, the town immortalized in Carlyle's rich, neglected "Reminiscences." Coming of "Kent folk," who had their own place in the civic life for generations, he received that sound training, especially in mathematics, for which Scotland is famous; and, at the age of fourteen, he entered the office of an Edinburgh engineer to study his profession. In 1845, he came to Canada, to push his fortunes. It was a favorable time; for the railway era was just beginning, and, with it, Canada's first period of real prosperity. He first proved his capacity as assistant engineer to the earliest railway of Ontario, and was soon promoted to the position of chief engineer.

After eight years' service in this post, he was employed by the Dominion Government in making surveys for the Intercolonial Railway, the iron road which was to link Quebec and Halifax, and so aid in forming a new political entity out of Nova Scotia,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Brunswick, and the Canadas. At this time, he made his one venture as a contractor, building a little spur of fifty miles between two towns in Nova Scotia, for one hundred thousand dollars less than his own original estimate. Still, being a Scot, he did not work at a loss. His profits on this contract formed the basis of the modest fortune which he accumulated in the course of a long life. He was too much a man of ideas ever to become a millionaire.

Fleming's success in this piece of work led directly to his greatest achievement, the survey of the transcontinental line, now known to all the world by three letters, a quasi-algebraic formula, C.P.R. The reasons for its existence were both economic and political. Less than fifty years ago, Canada was a group of federated provinces in the east, a small unorganized territory in the centre of the continent, and another province beyond the Rockies on the Pacific Coast. Communication between these scattered units was imperative, if Canada was ever to be more than a geographical expression. But the provinces were poor. To build a road across three thousand miles of empty continent, part of it mere rock and muskeg, part of it a sea of mountains, seemed an impossible undertaking. The estimated cost was fabulous. Opposition to the scheme was loud and insistent. None the less, the daring projectors had their way; the C. P. R. was built; and Sanford Fleming plotted its course and superintended its construction.

His prospecting journey from Port Arthur to Vancouver in 1872 is recorded in Grant's "From Ocean to Ocean," perhaps the most important book of travel as yet written by a Canadian. The party had to cross a great lone land, infested by wild Indians, where "brigades" went forth in the spring, from Fort Garry, to hunt the herds of buffalo and make pemmican. Grant, the scribe of the expedition, was at that time pastor of historic St. Matthew's Church in Halifax, founded by Congregationalists from Boston in the middle of the eighteenth century, and once ministered to by the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, an ancestor of the President. Grant's parishioners thought he was risking his life in this adventure. Later he became principal of Queen's College, Kingston, which he built up into one of the three foremost universities in Canada. Fleming became chancellor, and the two old friends worked together in the interests of higher education until the end.

The magnitude of this great railway enterprise may be measured by the proposal Fleming made in 1863, when deputed by the people of the Red River settlement to lay their claims for better communication, east and west, before the British and Canadian Governments. His suggestion was to run a telegraph line through to the coast, and construct at the same time a corduroy road, which could be gradually macadamized, and finally turned into a permanent way for a transcontinental railway. Large as this project seemed, it soon made way for the far bolder conception of building the railway at once. Other men worked out the contracts, financed the line in desperate straits, operated, managed, and brought it to success; but to the engineer belongs the glory of determining where and how the great national highway should run.

Fleming was an Imperialist, which, in Canada, simply means one who holds it to be self-evident that union (of the British Empire) is strength, and disunion weakness. One great Imperial idea which he did much to promote was a system of ocean cables linking all parts of the British dominions together. He also brought about the much-needed reform of continental standard time. The list of his various papers and publications covers seven closely printed pages. He died full of years and honors at Halifax on July 22, 1915.

According to Mr. H. G. Wells, the hope of the world is in the engineer. He lives much in the open; and he deals habitually with large affairs; but his chief secret is his ability to deal with men. Of this type Sir Sanford Fleming was a good example. Strikingly handsome from boyhood to old age, courteous, genial, practical, efficient, while not neglectful of his personal interests, he served the state with large, unselfish aims; and deserves well of the republic he helped to build.

THE CIVIC SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.

The Church in the City. By Frederick De Land-Leete. New York: The Abingdon Press. $1 net.

This is a book full of varied and valuable information for all persons interested in the great questions of social and moral progress. Although the author is a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is notably unsectarian in character, dealing in exhaustive fashion with the institutional and religious work of all denominations, the difficulties imposed by modern conditions and possible methods of overcoming them. It is not always easy reading, but will repay careful study. In places the force of the argument is somewhat obscured by an ornate, pulpiteering style, but the array of facts is imposing and significant. The chapter on The Church in the Market-Place is full of hard common-sense. It is self-evident that centres of religion or reform are most needed in places where the population is densest and ignorance, poverty, criminality, or sheer worldliness most rampant. Clearly, the abandonment of such centres, once established, in order to profit by the increased value of the sites, and to found, with the proceeds, new and more luxurious temples of culture or worship in less crowded and difficult neighborhoods, is not only shortsighted policy, but a virtual betrayal of religious principle. The Bishop is keenly alive to the beneficial influences of the old mother church, with its capacity for sending out branches, and thus extending and strengthening its traditions indefinitely, but he points out that, when necessary, it is entitled to expect aid and sustenance from its flourishing offspring. He has some pregnant comments to make upon the virtual piracies committed by rich churches upon financially weaker institutions, with entire disregard of spiritual results. In this, as in some other instances, he exhibits an unfortunate unwillingness to quote—as he easily might do with wholesome effect—specific instances.

What he says about the large dependence of the clergy upon the laymen, and the duties and responsibilities of the latter, is eminently sound, but here again he is inclined to depend too much upon obvious generalizations. With regard to his summary of the innumerable distractions which exhaust the time and the strength of the metropolitan clergyman one is tempted to consider whether a lively sense of the true pastoral mission would not be a sufficient guard against a good many of them, but in his definition of the duties, privileges, and opportunities of the evangelist he draws a noble ideal. In his comments upon show pulpits he exercises a regrettable lenity. He could find the best of precedents for much plainer speech. Why should attractive talkers or reckless sensationalists be described as pastors or ministers when they are neither the one nor the other? Who can estimate the damage done to the cause of religion by some popular preachers? He has some shrewd and caustic remarks upon the easy-going churches in prosperous residential districts. There the complaisant worldly parson—a Charles Honeyman—may find a paradise, the faithful pastor a place of spiritual torment. The newly rich class, he says, is the least useful to Christianity, because of its ingrained materialism. As for the piracies practiced upon one another by rival churches, these, he says, seem to indicate the necessity for a more rigidly organized parochial system. A hint, he thinks, might be taken from the Roman Catholics—a notable suggestion, considering its source. In an interesting chapter on Family Churches he frankly admits that the demand that the Church shall save the community is just. He might have added that in this proposition the whole future of Christianity is involved. For church endowment the Bishop makes a strong, logical, and business-like plea. Without permanent funds, old churches, deprived by changing conditions of paying congregations, cannot survive, even when their opportunities for effective religious work are greater than ever before. Here, of course, he cites the example of the Trinity Corporation. What he says in favor of a central control of church funds is peculiarly significant.

He devotes much attention to the institutional church and its development in the Protestant denominations. He admits its socialistic and democratic value, but is not prepared, apparently, to give it unqualified approbation. The danger of it, he thinks, lies in its tendency to forget spiritual purpose in gaining material ends. So far as it works for human brotherhood on religious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grounds, he gives it welcome. Here he seems to imply a distinction between motive and results which is somewhat subtle. His paper on the right and wrong uses of advertisement in professedly religious work, judicious so far as it goes, would be all the better for a little more specific denunciation of the practices of the sensational charlatans who bring discredit upon the cause they profess to serve. He shows broad and liberal vision, when, in discussing the principles of church extension, he refers to the wise example set by the Roman Catholic Church. On the all-important problem of the children, he writes admirably, with full knowledge and perception. He is a disciple of the late Charles Loring Brace and Jacob Habaerle. In an impressive chapter upon the vital part played by the City Missions in the work of city reform and the utter and growing inadequacy of the means at their disposal to cope with the problems set before them, he makes out a very strong case in proof of the responsibility resting upon the rich suburban congregations—offshoots of the old parent churches, and composed almost entirely of men who make all their money in the city—to assume part of the burthen, if only out of common gratitude. It is a case of the circumferences perpetually fattening upon and exhausting the crowded centres. The book, while basing its appeal mainly upon religious and spiritual grounds, deals scientifically with hard facts and indisputable conditions, in which every good and intelligent citizen, whether connected or not with any religious association, has a direct personal interest. It is well worthy of study. Even those who do not regard the churches as natural leaders in the great task of civic purification and advance will recognize the value of their existent machinery and realize the folly of leaving it to perish of dry rot. But it is not only from the lack of material aid that the churches are suffering.

MARX AND HIS PROPHET.

Capital To-day. By Herman Cahn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

In a recent work on Russia we read that "the typical Russian believes not in the gospel according to St. Marx, but in the gospel according to St. Mark." The same may be said of the typical American, and even of the typical Socialist, who does not read Marx, and who would not understand him if he did. Marx is not for the ordinary man, and neither, we are afraid, are his disciples, of whom the author of the present work is one. He tells us that the most momentous developments of the last half-century are the centralization of control of capital and the modification of the money system. The latter, he adds, is by far the more portentous. Yet it is the former which occupies public attention, while silence reigns concerning the menacing money question. The theoretic treatment of this important subject is neglected or avoided by those whose particular function it is to study such subjects, "namely, the paid specialists in political economy at the universities."

Such flings at the political economists are not infrequent in the work before us. We are told, for example, that there was a time when political economy bade fair to develop into a real science; that was in the days of the classics—Petty, Smith, and Ricardo—whose vision was, of course, limited by the empirical conditions of their time and by the lack of the theory of understanding given to the world later by Dietzgen. But historical development atrophied the nascent science. The awakened realization by the workers that they constituted a distinct class, having common interests opposed to those of the capitalist class, and the class struggle to which this realization gave rise, paralyzed a science having for its theme the laws governing the economic relations of the warring classes. "The frank investigator of the youthful days of capitalist society degenerated into the latter-day professor, who no longer searches for truth, but for lawyers' arguments in conducting a defence." Again: "Since Adam Smith there has been no progress in the science of which he is called the father, but his candor and repose have been replaced by very active wriggling and dodging on the part of the present-day professors, a concomitant of the changed psychology of the working class."

Marx, of course, must be excepted from the scope of these invidious remarks. We are given to understand that the theoretic analysis of value has been the work of "the great economist, Karl Marx." If, therefore, the Marxian theory of value can be tested by the rules of science, based on the theory of understanding, then all deviating theories of value are unscientific and false. It seems to follow that the political economists of today are weak on the rules of science and the theory of understanding. It is evident on every page, we are told, that Marx consciously observed all rules of science, although he omitted to explain, just as all other great scientists have omitted to do, how the nature of the human mind is involved in scientific analysis or rather in human understanding generally. The trouble with the economists appears to be that they are ignorant of the nature of human brain-work—they are not scientists at all, but philosophers.

All this, however, is merely by the way. A wise student of human nature will often scrutinize a man's garb before he begins seriously to listen to his speech, and an author's style is frequently as enlightening as his logic. No one has served Karl Marx so poor a turn as his professed admirers, many of whom appear to think that the surest way to sound their master's praise is to question the intelligence and honesty of those who differ from him. Marx was possessed of a strong intellect, despite the fact that it sometimes went back on him, and those who antagonize him are not slow in recognizing the sincerity of his aims and the exceptional vigor of his mind. Vilifying the opposing counsel is the last resort of a lawyer not sure of his case. The work before us is unquestionably an appeal to intelligent minds, but the methods are the very last which should be employed before such a jury.

We shall not dwell long on the merits of the case which our author presents. We have here, in fact, merely a new phrasing of the indictment of capital, which, during the last half-century, more rapidly than ever before, has been acquiring an oligarchical cast. A large share of the existing knowledge of *Das Kapital* is probably second-hand knowledge. If one is predisposed to the Marxian philosophy, and desires to know something of what Marx says without reading him, this will doubtless prove a profitable book. Allah is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet, is the cry of the Mussulman. Equally vehement is our author's ejaculation: "There arose a man of such power of analysis and consecutive thinking, as the human race had perhaps not produced in the thousands of years since Aristotle. Even as the archæologists did in Egypt and Assyria, so he dug into the overlying accumulation which historic necessity had forced men to pile up, uncomprehended by themselves, and thus he laid bare the methods of social evolution. The name of this great man was Karl Marx."

Soon after the outbreak of the war it occurred to a young Englishman that it would be good fun to go to Germany as special correspondent of a London newspaper. By a combination of good luck and good judgment he managed to get in by the northern frontier, but at Berlin the fun stopped. There he was arrested, was held in one jail or another for several weeks, by some means avoided being shot as a spy, and was finally sent to Ruhleben. After several months there he and a companion managed to escape and finally to make their way to safety across the Dutch frontier. The story of these adventures is told by the would-be correspondent himself, Geoffrey Pyke, in "To Ruhleben and Back" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net). The first part of the book is rather tedious and reveals the author's youth in its patient analysis of his own psychology. The chapters on Ruhleben are interesting so far as they go, but Mr. Pyke, like others who have escaped or been released from that place of internment for English civilians, sensible of obligations to less fortunate companions left behind on whom indiscretion might be visited, is guarded in his account of conditions there. He admits that he found them bad and implies that they were a good deal worse than he admits. He partly excuses them, however, on the ground that this civilian encampment was not included in the general scheme of German preparedness: "Had there been a *Zivilgefangenenverwaltung* before war broke out, quarters as neat as a chess-board would in all probability have welcomed the arrested civilians, instead of stables from which the horse-dung had not been swept." Certainly, his own experience when he was at death's door as a result of pneumonia would indicate that medical arrangements left much to be desired. When it comes to the escape, the quality of Mr. Pyke's narrative improves in proportion to its interest. At times, indeed, it is quite ab-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorbing, and like reading what, in fact, it is, a story of thrilling adventure. The first part of the 250 miles was covered by spasmodic journeys in local trains; the latter part was undertaken on foot, the fugitives travelling almost entirely by night, nearly starved, soaked to the skin, and depending for guidance on a small hand-map and a cheap compass. Their difficulties were increased by the author's illness, brought on by hardship superimposed on a constitution weakened by pneumonia. It is with the distinct feeling of relief experienced when one reads the "happy ending" of an exciting story that we learn that the soldier who came upon them hiding among the wet foliage of a wood turned out to be Dutch, and that, without knowing it, they had blundered during the night across the frontier into Holland.

Music

THE BALLET RUSSE, BAKST, AND NIJINSKY.

Three years ago, when the Russian Ballet organized by Mr. Diaghileff, which completes its season of four weeks at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday, was all the rage in Paris, Pierre Lalo described it in the *Temps* as "le cinématographe du riche." Like the moving-picture shows, he declared, these pantomimic dances accustom the well-to-do to finding in the theatre a lazy sort of entertainment by a mere appeal to the eyes, regardless of thought and emotion. They thus serve to corrupt the taste, all the more because they present the "apparences d'un art délicat" which make the spectators fancy that they are indulging in "les joies esthétiques les plus subtiles." There is music, too, but "no one pays any attention or attaches any importance to it." In short, these ballets appeal to the same instincts in the wealthy to which the "movies" appeal in the poorer classes.

While all this may be true, the critics, including Lalo himself, treated the Ballet Russe at great length and quite seriously—as seriously as did, in his day, Théophile Gautier, who declared that "la langue universelle revée par les utopistes, le ballet l'a réalisée." No doubt, the pantomimic ballet shares with music the advantage of being intelligible in all countries, no matter what may be the language spoken; and some specimens, to be mentioned presently, may claim the right to be called genuine works of art. It has even been suggested that, in view of the growing scarcity of good singers, opera is destined ere long to be superseded by pantomime with music, as exemplified at its best in the "Pétrouchka" and "The Fire Bird" of Stravinsky, in which the music was expressly composed to accompany the pantomime, step by step. At this date, however, the stage still boasts a considerable number of good singers, and there are reasons for believing that the majority of the subscribers at the Metropolitan would protest against a repetition of this season's plan, which gave them four weeks of the Ballet Russe in place of three more weeks of grand opera.

From the artistic point of view, the principal objection to the entertainments given by these Russians is that in most of them the music and the pantomime, however interesting in themselves, were never intended to go together. It must be admitted that nothing has been done by the Russians as objectionable as the antics of Isadora Duncan and Walter Damrosch when they danced and played Beethoven's seventh symphony together. It must be admitted, too, that Miss Duncan and Mr. Diaghileff are not the first who arbitrarily hitched dances together with music that was not intended for them. Years ago, in London, the rondo from one of Mozart's sonatas was used for a ballet in his opera, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." Berlioz, as long ago as 1841, interpolated Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" in his opera, "Der Freischütz." This same music is used by the Russians in one of the pieces they perform most frequently, "Le Spectre de la Rose"; but instead of the love scene Weber had in mind, M. Fokine and Léon Bakst gave it an entirely different pantomimic and scenic investment. A more serious *mésalliance* is that of the ballet "Schéhérazade," with Rimsky-Korsakoff's delightful music. Theodore Thomas used to place this composer even above Tchaikovsky, and his "Schéhérazade" undoubtedly is equal to Tchaikovsky at his best. It is programme music with a plot outlined by the composer himself, who carefully adapted his music to the scheme he had in mind. This scheme is entirely disregarded in the pantomime of the Ballet Russe, which spoils the exquisite climax of the music by associating it with the slaughter of the faithless wives in the harem.

Most of the ballets produced by Mr. Diaghileff are open to this objection, among them "Les Sylphides," with music by Chopin, and "Carnaval," which is an orchestral version of the familiar work for piano by Schumann. It might be retorted that ballets with music specially written for them are scarce; but they are not. Nothing could be more charming than the ballet numbers composed by Rubinstein for his operas, "Feramors," "The Demon," and "Nero." Why not produce these, or his "The Vine" or the ballets of Delibes? Several Russian composers besides Rubinstein have made a specialty of ballets. Tchaikovsky's "La Princesse Enchantée" is one of the works given by the Ballet Russe at the Metropolitan, but it does not compare in interest with his fascinating "Casse Noisette," the music of which is so familiar in our concert halls as the "Nut-Cracker Suite."

As already intimated, the most artistic achievements of the Russian Ballet are in the two works for which Stravinsky specially composed the music, "Pétrouchka" and "The Fire Bird." They have made known to the American public a composer who is likely to become as famous as Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky. Specimens of his music previously heard in our concert halls had revealed him as a cacophonist for cacophony's sake, after the manner of Arnold Schönberg. In the ballets just named there is also a riotous abundance of dissonance, but as an accompaniment to humorous, grotesque, or fanciful pantomime it does not seem so out of place as in a concert hall, and one is able therefore to admire the amazing ingenuity and technical mastery with which Stravinsky employs all the resources of the modern orchestra. What is of particular interest is that in his dissonantal exploits he pays little heed to Debussy, but goes back to Wagner, particularly the greatest of Wagner's works, "Siegfried," in which may be found most of the germs of "L'Oiseau de Feu." The young generation of composers are evidently discovering that Debussy's innovations in harmony, though fascinating, are too limited in scope to be of much use to them if they wish to escape the charge of plagiarism.

Probably no company devoted to the production of ballets has ever given more conscientious care to costuming and to scenic backgrounds than Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. In most cases the costumes as well as the scenery were devised by Léon Bakst, whose daring and glaring innovations have been the subject of as much discussion as Stravinsky's daring and glaring dissonances. Whatever one may think of Bakst's peacock-colored landscapes, his odd stage furniture, his pretensions that he is bringing us a new "classical" art as opposed to modern realism, one cannot but concede that, given such humorous or fantastic plots as those of "Pétrouchka" and "The Fire Bird," his method is justifiable and productive of genuinely artistic results. His "Cléopâtre" and "Schéhérazade" are no less original and striking.

Why Mme. Revalles should have been allowed—or directed—to conceive the part of Gautier's alluring Egyptian Venus as a mummy galvanized into life, is incomprehensible. She is one of the best members of the company, notable for her facial beauty and expression. The most graceful dancer in the present company is Lydia Lopokova, while among the men Adolf Bolm attracted most attention until Waslav Nijinsky rejoined the company in the second of the four weeks at the Metropolitan. He was one of several stars whose coöperation, a few years ago, gave so much brilliancy to the performances of Diaghileff's Ballet Russe in London and Paris. That the attempt to dispense with stars in America, and to rely on a well-drilled ensemble and striking dance patterns, was unwise, was proved by the great increase in the size of the audiences when Nijinsky, the "Caruso of the ballet," appeared. He is certainly the best dancer and pantomimist of his sex now on the stage, although Mordkin is more virile and quite as much at home in the air. There is a certain femininity about Nijinsky, which is quite in order in "Narcisse," con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceived in accordance with the ancient Greek idea that youths are more beautiful than girls. In other parts the suggestion of femininity is obscured by Nijinsky's remarkable strength and muscular rebound. He dances with the whole body. It was hoped that an opportunity would be given at the Metropolitan to judge him also as a choreograph, but, although promises were vaguely made, they were not fulfilled. He is said to be at work on a book in which his art is to be perpetuated—a book in which the details of dancing are to be written down as accurately and minutely as music is through the medium of notation, which it took over a thousand years to develop.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

WASHINGTON AND BERLIN.

The President's speech to Congress on Wednesday of last week, stating the terms of the virtual ultimatum sent by our Government to Germany the day before, was one of those events which turn the eyes of the whole business community to the stock market of the day. Every one who was in touch with practical affairs in December, 1895, remembers how immense an effect was produced on sentiment, and on the community's judgment of events, by the sweeping crash in values which followed the "Venezuelan message." The people at large hailed with enthusiasm President Cleveland's challenge. The Stock Exchange, recognizing the uncertainty as to the reply of Lord Salisbury and the English people, fell into a panic.

When the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898, the strongest investment securities in the stock market broke 5 to 15 points. That was followed next month, on the news that Spain had asked the recall of our Consul-General from Cuba, by a further 10-point break. All this occurred, it should be remarked, one to two months before the actual breaking off of relations between the United States and Spain. By analogy, a movement of some considerable violence would naturally have been expected, when our State Department last week summoned Germany peremptorily to cease her lawless submarine campaign, on penalty of a breach in diplomatic relations.

Prices on the Stock Exchange did, in fact, break sharply on the President's address to Congress Wednesday; declines of 2 to 5 points were numerous; one stock—the erratic Bethlehem Steel—fell 22 points. But when the day's transactions were examined as a whole, it became evident that the lately overinflated "war industrials," which were already weakened by reports of curtailment in the Allies' munition orders, had borne the full brunt of the downward movement. Some of the railway shares declined a point or thereabouts; but volume of trading in them was almost negligible; nearly nine-tenths of the business done was in highly speculative industrial stocks. The following day began with a vigorous recovery, maintained up to the market's close by the sound investment shares. Friday was observed as a holiday on the Stock Exchange; but when the market reopened on Saturday, another violent break in prices occurred. Yet that, too, on closer examination, proved to have converged on the "war-munitions stocks," in which a weak and venturesome speculative account was still outstanding. Stocks such as railway shares and other standard investment issues gave way but slightly. When this week's market opened, it was at once discovered that, instead of exciting uneasiness and provoking sales of their holdings by the real outside investment public, the decline at the end of the previous week had attracted buying orders from every direction. A rapid, and in some quarters violent, recovery ensued.

It is possible that this calm attitude of the financial community as a whole indicated belief that there will be no final break with Germany. It is possible also that it reflected feeling that a diplomatic rupture, or even formal declaration of war, would not shake this country's financial and industrial prosperity. If the first interpretation were applied to this first verdict of the Stock Exchange, its basis would have to be, either conviction that the American Government would itself stop short of taking the final step, or else belief that Germany will avert that crisis by submitting.

Both views were entertained this week in some quarters of Wall Street. There was a body of opinion which based its forecast wholly on the prolonged exchange of diplomatic notes with the Berlin Foreign Office since the Lusitania went down, nearly a year ago. Against this inference, it was argued that the opposition party's bitter criticism of that policy, with a Presidential election impending, would surely tend to stiffen the Administration's attitude, and that a war, not of the President's own making, would insure an effective campaign for reëlection. On the other hand, there was the "German-American constituency."

That the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse are not anxious for an outright rupture with the United States, every one of observation has taken for granted. Granting the impossibility of an armed collision, there is still the strongest possible motive for a European Government in its senses to preserve good relations with the United States. Our immense economic power; the certainty that belligerent Europe will have to rely on our resources in the post-bellum work of reconstruction; the profound moral effect, on other neutrals, of a break with us on an issue which has stirred up their people as well as ours—all these are considerations which stand upon the surface.

Whether the higher Berlin authorities would of themselves be willing to change the practices of the submarines, Wall Street doubted. A short time ago, when von Tirpitz was dismissed, it was assumed that the responsible heads of Government discountenanced even the particular infamies of the submarines. Yet since then, even Bethmann-Hollweg has had to stand up in the Reichstag and defend them.

Considered as a "war market," the past week's response of Wall Street has not been entirely convincing. Yet it by no means necessarily reflected belief that the dispute would quietly blow over. To old inhabitants of the Stock Exchange, it recalled the day after war had been declared on Spain in 1898. All Wall Street then stood around to witness the spectacular collapse; and nothing happened. After a period of tedious inactivity, the speculators timidly began to test the market on the side of rising prices, and forthwith the upward movement began which, with occasional breaks and occasional spells of inactivity, lasted pretty nearly throughout the Spanish War.

Now analogies are highly dangerous in matters of this sort; to-day's market took on a different color. Wall Street recognizes the fact that Spain and Germany are two different antagonists, and that the War of 1898 could not, under the worst of circumstances, have been in the class with the present conflict. Nevertheless, it is not without interest to recall the three reasons later assigned by the financial community for the market's action of that year. The actual break with Spain had been long expected, foreshadowed, even "discounted" in prices. The underlying economic situation in this country was exceedingly sound. Finally, the subconscious financial mind did not believe that the war itself could be disastrous.

FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

6%
FIRST MORTGAGES
6%

I own and offer for sale, at par and accrued interest, a lot of choice first mortgages, each

Secured by improved real estate in Kansas City, Mo., worth at least twice the amount of loan.

Ultra conservative valuations by our own expert appraisers.

Principal notes accompanying mortgages identified as original by County Recorder of Deeds.

Title Guarantee policy, with seal of genuineness, issued by Kansas City Title & Trust Co., accompanies each mortgage.

Loans mature in three to five years. Interest payable semi-annually.

Correspondence invited.

ARTHUR FELS
Mortgage Banker
N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is at least some food for reflection in that other episode. The question, what the actual consequences of a break with Germany would be, is a matter of conjecture; there are complications, at home and abroad, which the mere fact that armies and fleets cannot meet one another would not entirely remove. But, on the other hand, Stock Exchange prices have certainly been "discounting" something since the beginning of January, and there can be no question as to the country's economic soundness.

In the larger view of the situation, the puzzle before the market is, first, whether the Chancellor and his immediate associates really deprecate the policy which we have called on them to stop; next, whether the German people would be willing to see it stopped, or whether the rather notoriously servile German press reflects public opinion truthfully in its demand for continuance of the present submarine policy, and finally, whether, even with the public assenting to a conciliatory action by the civil government, the truculent German Admiralty would obey. If it did not, then all the acquiescence of the Foreign Office could not ward off the inevitable.

How much of this complex entanglement of motives and possibilities has the Stock Exchange foreseen in its action of this week? The question is one of momentous interest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bosher, K. L. People Like That. Harper. $1.25 net.
Cobb, I. S. Old Judge Priest. Doran. $1.25 net.
Duncan, F. Roberta of Roseberry Gardens. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Gordon, S. God's Remnants. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Harris, F. Love in Youth. Doran. $1.25 net.
Locke, W. J. Viviette. Lane. $1 net.
MacGill, P. The Red Horizon. Doran. $1.25 net.
Meynell, V. Narcissus. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Sawyer, R. Seven Miles to Arden. Harper. $1.25 net.
Sheldon, C. M. Of One Blood. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Tompkins, J. W. The Seed of the Righteous. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Carroll, A. A Pageant and Masque for the Shakespeare Tercentenary. The Atlanta Center, Drama League of America.
Gladden, W. Commencement Days. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Globe Theatre Shakespeare Series: The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar. The Merchant of Venice. Edited by D. H. Rich. Harper. 35 cents net each.
Information Annual. A Digest of Current Events. 1915. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. $4.
Mosher, J. A. The Essentials of Effective Gesture. Macmillan. $1 net.
Purnell, C. J. The Log-Book of William Adams, 1614-19. London Library.
Revelation and the Life to Come. Anonymous. Putnam. $1 net.
Rhodes, E. M. The Desire of the Mother. Holt. $1 net.
Richards, R. A Northern Countryside. Holt. $1.50 net.
Rudwin, J. Der Teufel in den deutschen geistlichen Spielen des Mittelalters und der Reformationszeit. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Survey of London: Vol. VI. The Parish of Hammersmith. London: London County Council.
The Best Short Stories of 1915. Edited by E. J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Merz, J. T. Religion and Science. A Philosophical Essay. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Beale, J. H. A Treatise on the Conflict of Laws. Vol. I, Part 1. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Borchard, E. M. The Diplomatic Protection of Citizens Abroad. New York: The Banks Law Pub. Co.
Ferguson, C. The Great News. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Stowell, E. C., and Munro, H. F. International Cases. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Gens, D. E. L'Allemagne. Paris: Berger-Levrault.
Moore, N. St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Peace and War. Cambridge University Press. 2s. net.
Rankin, H. B. Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. Putnam. $2 net.
Sams, C. W. The Conquest of Virginia: The Forest Primeval. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Schmitt, B. E. England and Germany, 1740-1914. Princeton Univ. Press. $2 net.
Washburn, S. Victory in Defeat. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Williams, M. W. Anglo-American Isthmian Diplomacy, 1815-1915. (Prize essays of the American Hist. Assoc.) Washington: American Historical Association.
Year Books of Edward II. Edited by W. C. Bolland. London: Selden Society.

TRAVEL.

Prime, W. C. Along New England Roads. Harper. $1 net.

POETRY.

Others: An Anthology of the New Verse. Edited by A. Kreymborg. A. A. Knopf.
Stork, C. W. Poems by Gustav Fröding. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Walker, Mrs. H. A Book of Victorian Prose and Poetry. Cambridge Univ. Press. 3s. net.
Wells, P. W. The Son of Man. Wantagh, N. Y.: Bartlett Pub. Co.

SCIENCE.

Bradgon, C. Four Dimensional Vistas. A. A. Knopf. $1.25 net.
Crile, G. W. Man—An Adaptive Mechanism. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Gruenberg, S. M. Sons and Daughters. Holt. $1.40 net.
Hazlitt, H. Thinking as a Science. Dutton. $1 net.
Mineral Resources of the United States, 1914. Vols. I and II. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Pearce, E. K. Typical Flies. Cambridge Univ. Press. 5s. net.
The Citizen's Book. Edited by C. R. Hebble and F. P. Goodwin. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.25 net.
Verrill, A. H. A-B-C of Automobile Driving. Harper. 50 cents net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Aiken, E. The Hate-Breeders. Bobbs-Merrill. 75 cents net.
DeCurel, F. A False Saint. Vol. XVII. Drama League Series. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Hatcher, O. L. A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants. Dutton. $2 net.
Mackaye, P. Caliban by the Yellow Sands. Shakespeare Tercentenary Masque. Doubleday, Page.

ART.

Neuhaus, E. The San Diego Garden Fair. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

TEXTBOOKS.

Gowin, E. B., and Wheatley, W. A. Occupations. Boston: Ginn.
Schlicher, J. J. Latin Plays. Boston: Ginn.
Walters, F. M. The Principles of Health Control. Heath.

CHICAGO POEMS
By CARL SANDBURG

"His book is sound, daring, inclusive of many types, and makes a contribution to American literature of emancipating influence and of permanent importance."—*Edgar Lee Masters.*

(Just ready, $1.25 net)

Henry Holt and Co. 34 W. 33d St. NEW YORK

HISTORIC STYLES IN FURNITURE

By VIRGINIA ROBIE. A comprehensive account of the development of furniture making in conjunction with modes of living during the last ten centuries. Fully illustrated. $3.00 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., BOSTON

Position Wanted

EXPERIENCED HOPKINS Ph.D. wishes better college position—Greek, Latin, Modern Languages. 3 yrs. abroad. Speaks German, French. Address Box 336, The Nation.

Revelation and the Life to Come

Edited with an Introduction in Two Parts.

By the Author of "The Way: The Nature and Means of Revelation."

12°. 456 pages. $1.00 net.

A spiritual revelation of truths associated with religious thought. While the book will decidedly appeal to those interested in psychic phenomena, its true aim and significance is with reference to its being a revelation of spiritual truths on a higher plane. The volume stands apart in a unique manner from the common conceptions formed of revealed truth on the spiritual plane.

All Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London

Text-Books of Physical Chemistry

Edited by SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

New Volumes

A System of Physical Chemistry

In Two Volumes

By WILLIAM C. McC. LEWIS, D.Sc.

Brunner Professor of Physical Chemistry in the University of Liverpool

VOL. I. KINETIC THEORY

Pp. xiv, 523. Crown 8vo. $2.50 net.

VOL. II. THERMODYNAMICS AND STATISTICAL MECHANICS

Pp. vii, 552. Crown 8vo. $2.50 net.

*** The Volumes are sold separately.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED